

THE
SATURDAY ANALYST
AND
LEADER,

A Review and Record of Political, Literary, Artistic, and Social Events.

New Series, No. 45.
No. 555.

NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

{ Price 3d.

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THEATRES AND AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA,

COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Solo Lessees.

The production of Loder's romantic opera of the NIGHT DANCERS, for the first time will take place this (Saturday) evening, Nov. 10, and will be repeated every evening until further notice, with all the admired scenic and stage effects for which this theatre is celebrated.

On Monday, November 12th, and during the week, THE NIGHT DANCERS. Madame Palmieri, Miss Lester, Miss Thorne, and Miss Alberta; Messrs. Henry Haig, H. Corri, T. Distin, G. Kelly, Lyall, Madame Pierron, and Signor Vandris.

After which a new ballet collection, THE AMBUSHCADE. Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Mrs. Vandris; Madame Pierron, Miss Clara Morgan, and the corps de ballet.

Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling; Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray.

Doors open at seven; commence at half-past seven. Stalls, 7s.; Private Boxes, £4 4s., £3 3s., £2 2s., £1 1s., 6d. £1 1s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Arrangements have been made for parties visiting the Theatre, to let Private Boxes, on the First Tier, for Four Persons, for £1 5s. nightly, and on the Second Tier, 10s. 6d., for Four Persons.

On Thursday, 15th, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Loder, the composer of the music of "The Night Dancers."

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

Monday, November 12th, and during the week, the new comedy entitled

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Written by the Author of those successful Haymarket comedies, "Victims," "An Unequal Match," "The Contested Election," and "The Overland Route." Characters by Messrs. Buckstone, Compton, Chippendale, W. Farren, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Mrs. Wilkins, &c.

After which, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (for three nights only),

BOX AND COX.

Box, Mr. Buckstone; Cox, Mr. Compton. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,

FITZSIMMYTHE HALL.

Characters by Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Wilkins. Concluding, every evening, with

THE SUN AND THE WIND, by the Leclercs.

THEATRE ROYAL LYCEUM.

Sole Lessee and Directress, Madame Celeste.

On Monday, 12th November, 1860, and during the week, the performances will commence with (first time) an entirely new and original Drama, in three Acts, entitled

ADRIENNE; OR, THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

The new Scenery under the direction of Mr. William Cattell. Principal Characters by Messrs. George Vining, Henry Neville, John House, J. Johnstone, T. Lyon, Campbell, Forrester, Butler, Clifford, Mrs. Keeley, and Madame Celeste. After which, a New Operatic Comedietta, by J. Stirling Coyne, Esq., entitled

THE PETS OF THE PARTRIDGE.

The Music composed by Mr. George Loder. The new Scenery under the Direction of Mr. William Cattell. Principal characters by Mr. H. Neville, Mr. J. House, Miss Maria Ternan, Miss Neville, Miss Hudspeth, Miss Stuart, Miss Turner, Miss Dorgan, Miss Annie Collinson, and Miss Lydia Thompson.

To conclude with Haynes Bayley's Comedietta of

PERFECTION; OR, THE LADY OF MUNSTER.

Principal characters by Mr. T. Lyon, H. Neville, Mr. John House, Mrs. J. House, and Miss Ross Howard.

Notice.—The public is respectfully informed that Mr. JOHN DREW, the celebrated Irish comedian, will present, fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, engaged at this Theatre for a limited number of nights, and will make his first appearance in London, in his original character of Handy Andy, on Monday, 12th November.



NEWSPAPER

NEW THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. Webster. Engagement for a limited number of nights of Miss Agnes Robertson and Mr. Dion Boucicault, who will appear every evening in *The COLLEEN BAWN*. On Monday and during the week.

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THE COLLEEN BAWN, Messrs. D. Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, Falconer, Stephenson, Romer, C. J. Smith, Miss Agnes Robertson, — Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley; and

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Mr. D. Fisher and Miss K. Kelly. Commence at seven. Acting Manager Mr. W. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Lessees, Messrs. F. Robson and W. S. Emden.

On Monday and during the week to commence with a comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., to be called

HOME FOR A HOLIDAY.

Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, W. Gordon, H. Wiggin, H. Cooper, and Miss Louisa Keeley. After which

A REGULAR FIX.

Characters by Messrs. F. Robson, G. Cooke, W. Gordon, G. Murray; Mesdames Leigh Murray, Stephens and Cottrell. To conclude with

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

Messrs. F. Robson, Wiggin, G. Murray, F. Robinson, Mesdames Leigh Murray, Cottrell, and Stephens. Doors open at seven, commence at half-past seven.

STRAND THEATRE.

Lessee and Directress, Miss Swanborough. Immense success of "The Post Boy." Revival of "Kenilworth."

On MONDAY and during the week, at seven,

MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTUSES.

Messrs. W. H. Swanborough, Turner; Mesdames C. Saunders, Selby, Turle. After which, the new and original Comic Drama, entitled

THE POST BOY.

Messrs. J. Rogers, Parcell, Bland, Turner; Mesdames Oliver, E. Buxton, Lavine. To conclude with the celebrated burlesque of

KENILWORTH; or, YE QUEENE, YE EARLE, AND YE MAYDENE.

Messrs. J. Clarke, Bland, Turner, Poynter; Mesdames C. Saunders, Selby, Turle. After which, the new and original Comic Drama, entitled

W. H. Swanborough, Acting Manager.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Third Season will commence on Monday evening next, Nov. 12th, on which occasion the programme will be selected from the works of Spohr, Dussek, and Weber. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Violin, Herr Becker. Violoncello, Sig. Piatti. Vocalists: Miss Poole, Miss Augusta Thomson, and Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

For full particulars see programme.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. At Chappell and Co.'s, 56, New Bond-street; Hammond's, Cramer and Co.'s, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 48, Cheap-side; and at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

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Mr. Langdale's preparations are, to our mind, the most extraordinary productions of Modern Chemistry.—*Illustrated London News*. July 16, 1851.

A long and interesting report on the products of E. F. Langdale's Laboratory, by a Special Scientific Commission, from the Editor of the *Lancet*, will be found in that journal of Saturday, January 10th, 1857.

A copy will be forwarded for two stamps.

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On Nervous Debility: The Cause and Cure of Premature Decline, with full Directions for Restoration to Health and Vigour; being a Medical Essay on Nervousness, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, their Prevention and Cure; the result of Twenty-five Years' successful practice. By Dr. J. L. CURTIS, No. 15, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London.

Consultations from 10 to 3 and 6 to 8.

"The author has conferred a great boon by publishing this little work, which points out the source of decline in youth, or more frequently premature old age."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 27, 1856.

GUNPOWDER IN CHINA.

THE Taku forts are captured; the British soldiers and sailors behaved as they always do when well led, and were ably assisted by their French Allies. The Armstrong gun has proved a splendid success; its solid shot answers expectations; its shells, breaking into about forty angular pieces, blow artillermen to shivers, and disperse cavalry a mile and a-half off. All this is satisfactory in its way, and the resulting civility of the Chinese Court looks as if peace could be obtained without further employment of the means of war. Lord ELGIN and Baron GROS will receive abundant compliments if they succeed in arranging a lasting peace, and meanwhile they are subject to a cross-fire of criticism from opponents of two sorts. The bellicose critics are angry that the ambassadors should go to Pekin without the entire force at their command. Nothing would satisfy these gentry but a triumphant entry into the surrendered capital of China, which may yet have to take place, but which certainly should be avoided if possible, as it would be excessively awkward if the court and officials, instead of joining the procession, should simply run away, and leave us the task of governing a huge city, whose inhabitants would be frightened out of their wits, and which is not the vital centre of an industrial or political system, but a place that would lose its importance if the sovereign went away. The other set of hostile critics blame the capture of the forts altogether, as involving a wanton and unnecessary waste of life, and they ground this assertion upon the fact that the Chinese proposed to negotiate before the fighting commenced. We should certainly join in condemning a war that had for its entire object a recovery of the military prestige lost through the folly of Mr. BRUCE and Admiral HOPE; but we do not feel entitled to assume that the Chinese were prepared to accede to satisfactory terms while they fancied themselves able to resist our arms. The question has, however, been mooted by the press, and is likely to come up in Parliament, and should be met, when that time comes, with all the explanation the Government can afford, as public opinion desires to be convinced of the justice of every conflict in which we are engaged.

The published despatches pay the French abundant compliments, but there are some points of less pleasing notice, which are strongly brought out in private letters, by which it appears that the French commander was forced against his will into the arrangements of Sir HOPE GRANT. It is said that he protested strongly against the British dispositions for attack, and only acceded to them when informed that our general would undertake the business alone, if our Allies thought proper to be merely spectators of the scene. This, of course, would not suit them, so they joined their forces with ours, and won their fair share of the honours of the affray. Unfortunately their discipline is very lax, and their notions of the rights of war little modified by modern ideas, so they plunder the Chinese at every step, and thus afford little inducement to the Celestials to look favourably upon the pretensions of European civilization.

As for the Chinese, they fought with devoted bravery, and exhibited an odd mixture of modern science and ancient barbarism. They opposed us with large and beautifully constructed brass cannon, and also with clumsy matchlocks, and even bricks and stones. Their forts were constructed with considerable engineering knowledge, but appear to have been deficient in protection for their men, and when some of their chief officers were killed, the subordinates seem to have been unable to fill their place. On the whole, it is evident that they are learning the science of war, and that a few more foolish treaties, followed by bungling ambassadors and fresh conflicts, will teach them "the noble art of self-defence" to an extent that will be very inconvenient, unless we are prepared to keep up an army and navy for the especial purpose of breaking China and mending it again.

The real difficulty of our enterprize now begins, and Lord ELGIN will find all his powers tasked to the utmost to place our intercourse upon a satisfactory footing. If the Government of China were stronger, it would probably be advisable to have a resident ambassador at Pekin, with constant and direct intercourse on equal terms with the EMPEROR and his ministers; but in the existing state of affairs it will not do to risk making Pekin into a second Constantinople, where rival diplomatists back up rival factions, and do their best to render progress an impossible thing. It would, therefore, seem as if the right of visiting Pekin and being received at the Court of China, should be conceded to our envoys, and thus lay the foundation for satisfactory negoti-

tations when difficulties occur. We want intercourse, not only with the Court but with the people, and our Government should make a knowledge of their difficult language an indispensable qualification of all resident employés. Very few of the merchants who make fortunes at Chinese ports can speak to the people in their own tongue; and the Europeans live as enemies rather than as guests or visitors among the people with whom they trade. We also need a simple magisterial system, to protect the natives against insult and petty robberies, which now make them afraid to see an English or American sailor walk through their villages or roads. An arrogant assumption of superiority, and a contempt for native customs, cannot tend to an interchange of civilities or ideas; and instead of living in a state of isolation, our local residents should endeavour to make their presence agreeable, and conciliate good-will. The practical question is, can we behave like gentlemen to an Asiatic race? Hitherto we have failed to answer this in the affirmative; and until we can do so we may conquer, but we shall not reform.

INCONSISTENTLY RIGHT.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S last despatch on the Italian question is at once a masterpiece of liberal reasoning, and a glaring contradiction to the strange document by which it was preceded. It is only a few weeks since his Lordship wrote, in the name of England, an epistle that might have been dictated by Count RECHBERG, and adopted by the Emperor of All the RUSSIANS. From beginning to end it was a protest against free principles and the rights of nations to emancipate themselves from evil rulers.

VICTOR EMMANUEL was bullied and rebuked as if he had committed some heinous offence, when his only crime was anxiety to be a WILLIAM of ORANGE to the suffering Venetians. Then, Lord JOHN could see nothing but the necessity of bolstering up treaties, and supporting the House of the HAPSBURGS against all assaults. Now, he is in a wiser mood, and throws down the gauntlet to the absolutist Powers, France included, and boldly declares that HER MAJESTY'S Government can find nothing to justify the diatribes with which France, Russia, and Prussia have assailed VICTOR EMMANUEL for entering the territories of those charming specimens of legitimacy, the POPE and the Neapolitan KING. In the most rational manner his Lordship contends that the people are the best judges of their own affairs. That they must decide where submission should end, and insurrection begin. He quotes VATTEL to show that it is a good and generous thing for any power to help a nation struggling for liberty; compares VICTOR EMMANUEL to that Whig hero, the phlegmatic Dutchman; praises the moderation of the Garibaldian movements, and, instead of finding in the efforts of the Italians for liberty and unity anything worthy of blame, he prays heartily for the success of their noble cause. The *Times* is very sore with this despatch, for the obvious reason that it was first published in the *Daily News*; and it has excited the wrath of the Tories, and provoked half hostile comments from the pacific *Star*. Nevertheless, it does speak the view of England, and will exercise a powerful influence in determining our future relations to the popular and despotic parties in Continental States. There is nothing new in a Whig praising 1688, and the principles then triumphant, but the Whigs have been very unwilling to let other countries adopt the course of our forefathers, if so doing would disturb the neat little arrangements for balancing powers in which their party delights. When the Hungarians resorted to the right of insurrection against a worse tyranny than England ever suffered under the STUARTS, our "liberal Government" consented to the Russian intervention, and flatly refused to supply a WILLIAM OF ORANGE when the brave Magyars applied to England to see if one could be obtained. So, likewise, while VICTOR EMMANUEL was moving towards the liberation of his country he was the object of Whig animadversions, but now the game succeeds he is greeted with praise.

We do not intend to blame Lord JOHN for not being consistently wrong, because to our minds it is better for him to be inconsistently right; but after this last solemn declaration of wise and liberal principles, he will find it very awkward to play the guardian angel to Austria, and rebuke VICTOR EMMANUEL for doing in Venice what seemed so excellent in Naples or the Papal States. There is an indecency of inconsistency, we might say a dishonesty, of which his Lordship will hardly be guilty, and that would be involved in going back to the principles of the penultimate despatch. What has caused him to move on we cannot divine, but we are too grate-

ful for the progress to indulge in harsh conjectures as to its cause. The British Government has emphatically promulgated opinions that strike at the root of the existing state of Europe, and all that is bad in the treaties of 1815. The German people have as much right to judge their own interests as the Italians, and if they should decide upon reducing their Royal establishment, and dismissing a few dozen of their little potentates, with or without a month's wages or warning, England is bound to congratulate, and not to complain. Hungary cannot lose her privileges on account of her latitude, and it would be monstrous for the Minister who applauded the rising of the Italians, to disown the insurrection of the Magyars in favour of their historical rights.

The last despatch must tend to diminish the chances of quarrel with France, because, more definitively than any other State paper, it takes England away from the meshes of absolutist opposition to the great country of revolutionary change. With a liberal foreign policy, England can afford to the Empire no convenient pretext for quarrel, and it will not answer LOUIS NAPOLEON's purpose to appear less in favour of the nationalities than the Cabinet of Great Britain.

If Whig policy were founded upon any philosophy better than expediency, Lord JOHN RUSSELL must see that it is our interest to promote, by moral means, all the necessary change in Europe, and to obtain the speediest settlement of all those cardinal questions which will reproduce revolution and war until they are finally solved. The times are favourable for success in this endeavour if England and France can manage to coincide, as those Powers which are the chief obstacles to progress, are either crippled in resources or too full of internal difficulties to make a dangerous resistance.

The Constitution dabbles in Austria have completely failed in their object. Instead of internal peace, they have excited a commotion in all the provinces of the Empire. The Hungarian is naturally indignant because offered much less than his legal claims; while the inhabitants of Bohemia, Galicia, and the Tyrol, feel insulted by the mockery of liberty which their Emperor dangles before their eyes. Will the Whigs still try to make Austria a counterpoise to France, and to this chimera sacrifice, so far as they are able, the happiness of millions, and the good name of England? Or will they learn to see that a free united Italy, a free Hungary, and a united Germany, would offer elements of permanent stability which no patched-up Austria can afford? The overweening greatness of France cannot come to pass without an overweening folly of England in refusing to be the champion and advocate of new ideas. The world will change, and ought to change; and our own country should always be foremost in the beneficent race.

OUR VOLUNTEERS IN ITALY.

A FEW numbers back we gave a word of censure to amateur dawdlers and hangers-on about the great scenes of moral action or physical triumph in the various fields where such struggles successively occur; we now wish to express our gratitude to men of a different order, who have gone forth to act and not to criticise; to make conquests and not to take surveys, or bring home dinner and drawing-room gossip about how they have observed, meddled, and

"Mumbled the game at which they would not bite."

Strictly "regular" proceedings are rare now-a-days in national acts and relations, and glorious "irregularities" seem to afford the highest themes of praise. As there are said to be laws through which a four-horse coach can drive, so there are treaties through which a regiment of cavalry can canter; state parchments are turned into drum-heads; and protocols have as many holes drilled in them as a straw target would have at Hythe or Vincennes; all to prove one very old proposition—that the rights of people to govern themselves justly and reasonably, are prior to any rights of monarchs who may wish to govern them otherwise. Under a banner with this respectable blazon have our countrymen been fighting in the fields of Naples; and however great their "irregularity" may have been in putting their sickles deep into the harvest of liberty, England is deeply indebted to them, not merely as the maintainers of a valuable abstract principle—not merely for helping to extinguish a grinding tyranny—but because, owing to the disposition to trounce and shuffle in some of our statesmen, and the peculiar position of England herself as regards this Italian struggle, she seriously wants her interests consulted and her honour maintained. Perhaps our political leaders are like NAPOLEON in another way, far from sorry at sharing a little of the credit as Englishmen, of which they shun the risks as statesmen, and the responsibilities.

Owing to the extent to which England burnt her fingers in the last great European war, and the debt already on her shoulders, owing, too, to her position with reference to France, and the binding necessity upon her not to throw, if she could possibly avoid it, an atom of her public strength away in foreign fields, she has abstained from mixing herself intimately, except as far as moral influence might go, in the Italian struggle. The moral influence, whatever her censurers may say, has not been trifling, thanks to her press; to quote only one instance of it, the exposure to the eyes of the world of the abominations of the Neapolitan prisons, respecting which the gagged press of the rest of Europe might have been interminably silent. However, the physical aid of France, notwithstanding her unanticipated self-payment, which tarnished it not a little, must shine brighter unquestionably in the eyes of Italy and Sardinia, than our talk and "newspaper leaders," no matter how earnest or strong; and the Gallic sword has weighed heavier than the British pen. We unquestionably wanted something to make up the difference, and this something our English Volunteers in Italy have helped to give us. They are felt to be substantial specimens of the real feeling of England towards Italy, when unshackled by state reasons and political expediency.

We have not the slightest doubt that the Italians would far rather both acknowledge and pay a debt of gratitude to England than to France; in fact, they do not like the French generally, nor the French character, especially its levity and boasting; the Italian's character in gravity and reserve far more resembles our own; besides, in former days, they saw a vast deal more of France and Frenchmen than pleased them; however, they were not in a position to decline practical aid, come whence it would, and it is by no means improbable that they would feel more bound in honour to join armies with France in any future struggle than with England. To any reflecting mind there cannot be a moment's doubt that NAPOLEON would be inclined to look for and almost demand from Italy an offensive and defensive alliance in any future European war, though the *Leader* has been amongst the last to taunt LOUIS NAPOLEON with any distinct intention of assaulting England, or of decided feelings of hostility towards her.

But, at all events, it is essential that Italy should have reasons to show on the other side of the question; and stateable grounds for refusing to act against England, whether in the Mediterranean or elsewhere. The personal part which so many private Englishmen have taken in the struggle, their attachment to the person of GARIBALDI, and his attachment to them, their eminent zeal in the cause, will all tend to establish in Italy a strong feeling in our favour. With Prussia wavering, disliked by France, distrusted by England, Austria and Russia aloof, and embarrassed by their own difficulties—for any serious attempts at aggression against Italy on the part of Austria would soon be made futile—the side that Italy would take is well worthy of our highest interest and consideration. Neither England nor France could depend an atom on either of the other three. It is mainly for this reason that we give a vote of thanks with three cheers to the English who have been fighting at Naples in the cause of liberty, and for the maintenance of England's prestige.

HARD LINES IN THE CITY.

IT is hard lines for poor people in the City of London, within the dominion of his civic majesty the LORD MAYOR. If any poor wretch seeks to pick up a living in the streets within those sacred precincts—precincts sacred to money getting and cold-hearted selfishness—he must snatch it like a red-hot chestnut from a fiery furnace. The ruddy damsel, with her basket of apples; the decayed widow, with her store of lollipops; the half-starved man, with his tray of combs—these and such as these no sooner cross the charmed boundary, and mingle with the civic community, whom the City motto ever prays Heaven to direct, than they are hunted about like wild beasts. Policemen pounce upon them at every corner, and if they refuse to betake themselves to regions westward, they are dragged before the terrible justice-seat of the Mansion-house. It would appear as if Sir R. WALTER CARDEN, Knight, were always on the look-out for such cases, for it almost invariably happens that the said seat is occupied by that high judicial personage whenever any itinerant merchants are brought up for judgment. The worthy alderman seems to love the sport of hunting his species. If we mistake not, he has occasionally played all the three parts of prosecutor, witness, and judge. We were in hopes that public opinion had cured the civic Knight of this propensity, and that any taunt or joke about the severity of CARDEN's judgment was out of date. But we find ourselves mistaken. Here is "CARDEN again!"

On Saturday, November 3rd, a woman of poverty-stricken appearance, was charged before Sir WALTER with selling apples in Lower Thames-street. In answer to the charge she said, that she had six children, some of whom were ill, to support, and she had no

other means of doing so than by selling things in the streets, and if she was not allowed to do so she and her children must starve.

The worthy Alderman—all aldermen, we believe, are worthy—was very sorry for her, very; but he was bound to administer the law. And this is what he said to the poor woman:—"It was nonsense for her to talk of starving, because in this country no one was permitted to starve; and if she could not obtain a livelihood without breaking the law, she ought to apply to the proper authorities, and she would be taken care of." How delighted the poor creature must have been to hear that in this country no one was allowed to starve, and that there were "proper authorities" whose business it was to take care of every one who could not take care of himself. But if she sought out those proper authorities, she would find them installed in a large mansion, with a sternly-barred outer-gate, from which, on her application, a head would be thrust, and a harsh, gruff voice would tell her that there was no room, and order her to go her ways. And there, on the cold stones, with her six starving children shivering around her, she might lie all night, and console herself as she best might with the magistrate's assurance that no one is allowed to starve in this country. We are glad to see that Sir WALTER was merciful in this case. He would discharge her this time, but he sincerely hoped she would not repeat the terrible offence of annoying the rich wharfingers and warehousemen of Lower Thames-street, by attempting to get an honest living before their counting-house windows.

Sir WALTER enjoyed a sort of grand massacre of guilty street-folk on this 3rd of October. His victims were brought up in relays of three or four at a time. At length it came to the turn of an Irish girl who had actually had the audacity to appear with a basket of apples on her arm in Cheapside—in Cheapside, under the very nose of Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN himself. Could audacity further go? And she actually said that the LORD MAYOR would eat her apples. Sir WALTER was very anxious to know if that were true. The constable, whom the girl declared to be "melting with lies," said it was. Sir WALTER's judicial mind was made up at once. Fined half-a-crown; or, in default, three days' imprisonment. The girl's furious comment upon the judgment points the moral of this ruthless and heartless system—"I hope I may die before I come here again, you wicked old wretch." It is easy to interpret the meaning of this expression. It is a natural ebullition of anger and resentment at a cruel and selfish law, which hounds down the poor because they are poor, and will not allow them to be honest if they would. Can it be right or just to prevent this girl from getting her living in the only way open to her, simply because the City has said, "we shall have no beggars, or street vendors, in our thoroughfares, to get in our way and offend our eyes?" This girl has, perhaps, learned no handicraft. She must not beg. She must not sell apples in the streets. Strong, healthy, and able-bodied, is it likely that she will tamely accept the life of a pauper in a workhouse? Is there not every cause impelling her to a life of vice and crime? This cruel law denies to the poor a soul to call their own. They are degraded to a lower level than that of the brutes, for they are forbidden to exercise the superior faculties which God has equally implanted in the heart of the lawgiver and the beggar.

The law is a City law, and a City law exclusively. It is one of many other of the same Draconian stamp, which City heartlessness will not allow to become obsolete. Street vendors are not so persecuted outside the City bounds. At the west end of the town costermongers are allowed to follow their trade in the streets without molestation from the police, if they do not create a disturbance or block up the thoroughfares. All that is required of them is that they shall move when they are required to do so. If the City law were enforced by the metropolitan police and the paid magistrates, the result would be that many thousands of industrious persons would be deprived of the means of gaining an honest livelihood, and all the workhouses of the town would not be large enough to hold them. In fact, the occupation of costermonger would be wiped out from the category of trades, and the poorer portion of the population would be deprived of a ready and convenient market for the purchase of the ordinary necessities of life. It is very rarely, indeed, that we hear of a seller of apples or combs being sent to prison by one of the paid magistrates. They are brought up by the police, as other persons are brought up, when they create a breach of the peace, or persist in violating the reasonable rules by which their trade is regulated; but they are never charged with the offence simply of *selling goods in the streets*. And when any case in relation to these poor street folk comes before a west-end police-court, we invariably find the judgments of the gentlemen who preside at Bow-street, Worship-street, Southwark, Westminster, and the other Courts where the magistrates are properly qualified for their office, tempered with consideration and mercy. The same charity and kindly feeling is evinced by the west-end shopkeepers. In Oxford-street, Tottenham-court-road, the Strand, and many other thoroughfares, great and small, the leading shopkeepers permit poor people to set up stalls in close proximity to their premises. They pay no rent, but their right to the sites marked out for them is fully recognised; and no opposition out-door merchant would be permitted to dispute their tenure.

In the City, however, these poor people are the declared enemies of society. Shopkeepers and merchants will not permit them to come between the wind and their purse-proud nobility. The police are set to hunt them, as bloodhounds are let slip upon fugitive Virginian slaves. Fortune-making must not be interfered with by ragged waifs trying to scrape together a few halfpence to keep body and soul together. The City is no place for them. Let them

go to the west-end and sell their apples, their combs, and their other trumpery merchandise. Here City selfishness comes out in its full force. "Move on," they say to these poor wretches, "anywhere out of the City." For all they care, "anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

We believe that this foul plot upon our civilisation arises solely out of the great unpaid system. The same harshness and cruelty towards the poor are exhibited in every place where justice is dispensed by amateur magistrates. There are no more ruthless persecutors of the poor than the country squires and parsons, who preside at petty sessions—except, perhaps, City aldermen. That these incompetent persons should be allowed to enforce laws which have long been rejected by common sense and common humanity, is a stain upon the administration of justice, which can only be wiped out by wiping out the monstrous system which permits and fosters so great a scandal.

VOLUNTEER VANITIES.

THEY are very young, probably, these gentlemen who are proposing to visit Paris in their Volunteer uniforms, otherwise we should imagine that the English were losing what used to be a marked English feature—a detestation of display; we should fancy that in our very cordial embrace of our neighbours and allies, some of their medals, filligree, and red ribbons, had got entangled with our own buttons, and that the serpent of vanity had taken advantage of the embrace to pass from one national bosom to another—to borrow an image from Virgil; or, at any rate, to transmit one of its little viperlings.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more silly, or in worse taste, more *gauche*, as the French would call it, than this idea of forcing ostentatiously on their notice a personification of English patriotism, dressed out in all shades of grey and bottle-green. Patriotism ought to be dignified and retiring in all cases, except before an armed enemy. Vain people hate vanity, and have a keen eye for it, especially in the person of a neighbour; and if the French respect us at all, it is for qualities which are *our own*, and not *theirs*. If any of our young Volunteers wish to visit Paris, let them go as simple Englishmen in their ordinary attire, and without any desire to show off. What occasion can there possibly be for it? The Parisians are quite familiar enough with the ordinary English aspect of face and limb, and they are quite aware that there are about two hundred thousand of us, such as we are, ready to resist any unfriendly approximations. This is all that is necessary for them to know.

One exhibition of this kind of bad taste was enough. When the Orpheonists were here on their harmonious and strictly amicable visit, nothing would satisfy us but a vast parading of our Volunteers in front of the gallery where the musicians were dining. The Frenchmen were of course not wanting in cheers of politeness; but that such an exhibition, on such an occasion, was likely to increase their national respect for us, we must take the liberty of very much doubting. With all his vanity and love for outside decoration, the Frenchman knows how to manage his master-passion, with some grace, and possesses a kind of native sense to instruct him in the "proper." If we must have his vanity, let us, at any rate, borrow from him a little of his tact.

WELLINGTON—THE WARRIOR AND THE STATESMAN.*

TIME is at his usual work, converting the past into an ideal stage, with myths for facts, and heroes for ordinary actors. Napoleon has long been regarded as a representative man; and Wellington, though more slowly, is arriving at the same honour. From the beginning, Napoleon had this advantage. Wellington's rise was indeed rapid. Entering the army at seventeen as an ensign, he became at twenty-one captain, member of parliament, and aide-de-camp to the lord-lieutenant; at twenty-four, he was lieut.-colonel; and at twenty-six, colonel. But favourable as fortune was to Wellington, she was still more favourable to Napoleon: though humbly born and without family interest, Napoleon, by the age of twenty-seven, had risen through the lower grades of his military career, and was a general in Italy, while Wellington was serving in India as a subaltern. By the aid of his brother, however, the latter rose into importance, as an authority in finance, and in civil and military policy. He was found equal to the management of important affairs, and entered on a path of greatness like a man born to it. He seized on all offices with ease, and mastered the details of the most difficult business with adroitness, and with a mature thoughtfulness wonderful in one so young. In the Mahratta war, being employed as a commander, he gave the world assurance of his genius in the battle of Assaye. The campaign besides served as an admirable preparation for the task he had to perform in the Spanish peninsula. Accordingly, he returned from his nine years' apprenticeship "a practical general, familiar with the details of the supply of armies in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, accustomed to reconcile conflicting interests among his subordinates and allies, and to treat of great affairs with powerful potentates as an equal, sometimes as a dictator."

Meanwhile, Napoleon had twice conquered Italy; had over-ruled the French revolution; had been chosen First Consul; had made

* *Wellington's Career: a Military and Political Summary.* By Edward Bruce Hamley. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.,

himself Emperor. He probably feared nothing from the "commandant of Seringapatam, the adviser on Indian affairs, the general of Sepoys, or, even the conqueror of the Mahrattas. But the gradual expansion of Wellington's sphere of activity promised more solidity and balance to his genius than the sudden outburst of Napoleon, whose ambition was from the first so largely fed by fame and success, that it outgrew even his vast talents and capacious judgment."

The guiding stars of these two mighty opponents were very different in their character and influence. The one followed glory; the other duty. The author of the *Essay before us*, Mr. Hamley, well distinguishes between these in his remarks on Wellington's strategy in Portugal, in connection with his famous lines of Torres Vedras. Having surmounted all the difficulties that threatened his operations with failure—having defeated Massena, and lured him towards the fatal triple line of impregnable defences—Wellington was then in such a position, that had he "made glory, as it presented itself to the Napoleonic mind, his chief end, he would have poured down from his entrenchment and swept the invader back in a battle, or series of battles, which might have forestalled his later triumphs." But his far-sighted wisdom, his steadfastness of purpose, and his lofty sense of public duty, were never more conspicuously displayed than at that juncture. The temptation was great, but he resisted it. His was the only army fit to oppose the French in the Peninsula, and his men were, therefore, too costly to be sacrificed except for a certain advantage. If he sallied out, the winter and privations would press on his troops as they were pressing on the French."

Patience was the power on whose aid Wellington depended most. All around him was impatience—the Government at home and that of Portugal—none understanding his policy, and his secrecy being impenetrable. But all, at length, was justified. The siege of Almeida left him the victor, and the veteran Massena worse than defeated. The latter had fought his last field. "His master demanded absolute success from those who served him; and enraged at the protraction of a war in which the French arms constantly suffered defeat, he now forgot, in his anger, the earlier services of one of the ablest of his officers, and with harsh rebukes deprived the Prince of Essling of his command."

Then came the turns of Marmont and of Soult, and the fall of Rodrigo and Badajos. And now the stern character of the warrior comes out into full relief; and the two great masters of the mighty art show a mutual resemblance. Hear the panegyrist of Wellington, and what here he is compelled to acknowledge. The name of Badajos, he says, sheds "a lurid and bloody glare over the page of the Peninsular annals. That slaughter," he adds, "probably affected Wellington more deeply than any incident of his victorious career. Neither he nor Napoleon were indifferent to suffering—the natures of both suffered violence from such scenes; yet both of them, nevertheless, caused such scenes to be enacted without hesitation, when their plans needed it. Both showed the same resolution to earn victory, even at a frightful expense of blood; and, judged by their deeds only, it is difficult to decide between what some will [call the heroism, some the ruthlessness, of the two men."

We shall not imitate Mr. Hamley in attributing better motives to Wellington than to Napoleon. The latter was as sincere in his cause as the former; and, as we have since found, was really fighting the cause of nations against tyranny. Wellington was as conscientiously employed in delivering mankind from the threatened yoke of Bonapartism. The issues of the mighty contest are even now undecided; and the verdict of history is yet unpronounced.

The consideration of this part of the question involves much that belongs to Wellington's character as statesman. In this, as well as in that of soldier, he maintained the path of duty. His great faculty was that of *Prevision*. In that Napoleon was wanting. He was the passionate child of the Revolution, driven onward by mysterious impulses; not the reflective seer who shapes the future by his own visions. Both were forces equal to the crisis—and never was one more momentous. At length it passed; and Wellington appeared in a new character. To judge him properly in this requires some power of abstraction. We must separate the man from his circumstances. Wellington, at the outset of his new career, was confessedly behind the age. The civil world, when he returned to it, was no longer what it was when he left it for the wars. He failed, in the first instance, to make allowance for the lapse of time and the change of manners. He still stood on the ancient ways, as a conservatist and aristocrat; but as both he was a thoroughly English nobleman. He judged, too, of his position as a soldier. When he found by experience that it was untenable, he most honourably capitulated, and marched out with the honours. Ultimately he got rid of party trammels, and came to consider himself as the servant of the Queen and the people, to be employed in any very great emergency which it required great force of character to stem or to turn. His personal wisdom and his influence were in this manner more than once appealed to, nor in vain. Investigated closely, he was undoubtedly a great man. He was felt to be so by the English people, whose instinct is seldom in the wrong. He was as much trusted by them, in great political crises, as by their Queen. And nobly he repaid their confidence. What he did he did thoroughly and well. When once he recognised the need of change, he accepted the fact with the honourable determination to do justice to it. He lives in our remembrance as one whom the future will glorify—who will shine as the hero of a great world-drama, the moral of which was identified with his fortune, and confirmed by his triumphs.

TRANSMUTATION OF SPECIES.*

THIS is a most interesting book on a most interesting subject. The book is interesting because it brings into one focus all the arguments and facts that all the critics of Mr. Darwin's universally-criticised book have put forth against his theory (Dr. Bree's own facts and arguments inclusive), and that the subject is important may be inferred from the extent to which Mr. Darwin has been criticised. Every one interested in the subject should read the book; the Darwinians, to find their views confirmed by the most powerful arguments that can be adduced against their theory; the anti-Darwinians, that they may learn at length how useless it is to kick against the pricks. There are some parts of this book which we think Dr. Bree had better have left out. It is to be regretted that a writer in the examination of a scientific theory should reveal so prejudiced and partial a state of mind as that which Dr. Bree does reveal in the following passages:—He tells us that Mr. Darwin's book "destroys every vestige of the beautiful from the mind, without replacing it with plausible or even intelligible theory." Now, passing over the somewhat singular circumstance that Dr. Bree should take the trouble to write a long and elaborate treatise to overthrow a book that not only is not "plausible," but is not even "intelligible," passing over this as a trifling rhetorical *fiasco*, one of those literary inconsistencies such as we meet with in a certain class of works by the hundred, we certainly are astonished at the proposition that Mr. Darwin's non-"*plausible*" and "*unintelligible*" book has "destroyed every vestige of the beautiful." If the beautiful is simply resolvable into the pleasing state of consciousness produced by the contemplation of some particular object, such as the human form, for instance, we really do not see how Mr. Darwin's, or any other theory, about the origin of the being possessing this form, can have anything to do with that circumstance. Some minds formed under one set of opinions, might think the origin of man, as taught by another set, very absurd or very revolting. A sect believing that sublunar man has descended lineally from the man in the moon, or that some particular race of men is the offspring of the brother of the sun (which cases find their parallels and exemplars among the Asiatics), might be shocked at being told that their heaven-descended ancestors were originally made out of the chemical ingredients which enter into the composition of this earth's crust. But how any genetical theory can have anything to do with the beauty of the human form as it now is at the present day, we can no more understand than we can understand that a beautiful woman would lose her charms upon its being known that she came of ugly parents. We trace in this one of the most vulgar of vulgar prejudices. It is not only a vulgar prejudice, but a most mischievous prejudice, to judge of men and women not from what they are and do, but from their ancestry. Let a man be a model of intellectual, moral, and physical perfection, as far as anything earthly is perfect, yet if he is born of poor parents, if he is born of working-people, or even of trades-people, the mark is upon his forehead; he is under the ban. On the other hand, let him be vicious, idiotic, misshapen, and yet born to a high estate, and he is, of course, an Adonis, a Solon, and a Socrates, all rolled into one. We regret to see this spirit of (what Carlyle calls) *funkeyism* imported into philosophy. Philosophy, which ought, above all things, to be above narrow prejudices and paltry antipathies, should not be written in a way which makes us deplore that the writer did not bear in mind even so homely a counsel as that suggested by the vulgar saying "handsome is as handsome does." And this brings us to the other view of "beauty;" according to which "beauty" consists not merely in an impression on the senses, but in the consciousness, though it may be what has been called, for want of a better term, the unperceived consciousness, of *adaptation* in the thing considered beautiful. Upon this theory a part of the beauty of the human form is resolvable into the consciousness that it is the best adapted of living forms to render the external world subservient to its needs; upon this theory we consider the human form beautiful, not merely because of its mere shape and outline, but because it is associated in our minds with all that man has achieved in the sciences and arts. (Vide our number of 20th Oct., p. 882, notice of the "Manual of health and vigour, or the laws of life applied to the natural, healthful, and beautiful, in humanity.") Now, whatever was the origin of the human race, whether it descended from the man in the moon, or the brother of the sun, or "grew," according to Topsy's theory, out of the earth, what it has been and what it has done in the past, and what it is, and what it is doing in the present, cannot in the least be affected by these or any other genetic hypotheses.

But Dr. Bree is still more vehement in the expression of his prejudices, and of his passionate dislike of that extremely inoffensive and dispassionate entity, the Darwinian theory. One would have thought that anything so abstruse, so profound, so rigorously scientific in scope, and temperate in language, as Mr. Darwin's book, would have acted as a sort of mental sedative to the very highest state of cerebral fermentation and exuberant animal spirits. But no; Dr. Bree breaks forth in this wise: "I cannot conclude," says he, "without expressing my detestation of the theory;" and why, does the reader suppose? Because it is false or illogical? No such thing; but because the doctor supposes it collides with some of his foregone conclusions; "because," to give his reasons in his own words, "of its unflinching materialism; because it has deserted the inductive track, the only sure track that leads to physical truth; because it utterly repudiates final causes, and thereby indicates a demoralised understanding on the part of its advocates." Why the

* *Species not Transmutable, nor the result of Secondary Causes; being a Critical Examination of Mr. Darwin's Work, entitled "Origin and Variation of Species."* By C. R. Bree, M.D. London: Croombridge and Sons.

Darwinian theory should be considered materialistic more than any other theory, it is as difficult to show as it is easy to assert. Is Dr. Bree presumptuous enough to limit the power of Omnipotence, and affirm that the Deity having determined to endow a certain class of animals with immaterial souls, could not effect that object except upon the particular pet theory which he, Dr. Bree, delighteth to honour with the seal of his adoption? Many learned and pious men have held that Omnipotence itself cannot accomplish impossibilities involving positive contradictions, such as undoing the past, and making the same thing be and not be at the same time; but we cannot see any more contradiction in the endowment of man with an immaterial soul, supposing him to have originated according to the Darwinian theory, than if he had originated in any other way. Put it broadly: was it *more* easy for Omnipotence, to which all possible things are equally easy, to give man an immaterial soul, if made out of clay, than if he sprung from the next resembling animal type? It is deserving of notice, as having apparently escaped all the writers on the subject, that the Mosaical account does not conflict with the indefinite modifiability of man, but on the contrary, agrees with it; for if the human race sprung from Adam and Eve, then the Bushmen, the Hottentot, the Chinese, the Red Indian, the Hindoo, the Aztec, the Negro, the European, in a word, all the different species of men on the face of the earth, must have been developed and differentiated out of one primitive type. What do the anti-Darwinians say to this? We have not space, nor is it necessary, to examine particularly the remainder of the above foolish and discreditable accusation. Anyone who has read Mr. Darwin's book will see that though he is as great a master of the deductive as of the inductive method, his book is one long induction of facts from beginning to end. A man is not justified in branding another as "demoralised," whether in "understanding" or in practice, simply because the latter happens to be more enlightened than he is, and has enounced views that upset his narrow prejudices. And it is deplorable to see this tone, so redolent of the evil spirit of the *odium theologicum*, that we had thought defunct, and quietly laid in the Red Sea, revived in the scientific discussions of the nineteenth century.

One of the critics of the Darwinian theory delivers himself to this effect: "there is a mighty march [according to this theory] along ten thousand lines of life to natural optimism; but who leads it? Who commands? Who contrives and controls and carries out this astonishing advance? Natural selection, do you again reply? Then again, most certainly this 'natural selection' is Deity, or Fate, or nothing—unless you would suppose a duality of powers." Then again, most certainly, this drivelling is another deplorable instance of the disgraceful state of our scientific criticism. Books are shovelled over to reviewers without any selection—natural, artificial, or otherwise—and the consequence is such wretched trash and idiotic nonsense as this. We charitably suppress the source whence it comes. Cannot the writer understand, as every human being with two ideas in his head might be supposed capable of understanding, that the tendency in animals to seek what appears to them, and what in the majority of cases would be, their own good,—the tendency to adapt themselves to external circumstances, and these to themselves, in the best way they can, to promote their own well-being,—would, in the course of countless ages, and operating under the infinite variety of influences and conditions to be found in the world, have the effect of producing varieties of physical structure; that any superiority of mental capacity that might arise in a race of animals would have a tendency to bring about the improvement of the race, in the sense of gradually making its conformation better suited for rendering the external world subservient to its purposes; that this improved conformation would react upon and further develop the mental capacity of the race; that, on the other hand, any superiority of physical structure that might arise would tend to develop mental capacity, in devising means for rendering the external world subservient to the satisfaction of needs; that the improved mental capacity would prompt and suggest actions that would tend to produce further improvements of bodily structure (*Vide* article "Inductive Psychology," in our impression of the 13th of October); and that the effect of the working of this tendency would be that the more favoured animals would be naturally selected or preserved in the struggle for existence, while "the weakest [in bodily structure or mental capacity, or both] would go to the wall; and that it is perfectly intelligible to say that the principle of natural selection was the cause of variability of species." Natural selection expresses the fact that certain animals, for the reasons stated, get the best of it in their struggle for existence. Surely this is intelligible enough, and the most obtuse can have no pretence for mistaking natural selection for the "Deity," or for "Fate," or for "nothing!" They might as well say that Dalton's law of definite proportions, or Newton's law of gravitation, are either Fate, or Deity, or nothing. It is a characteristic of bodies to attract each other, and of chemical substances to combine, as Newton and Dalton have pointed out; we call the one gravitation, and the other the law of definite proportions. It is just as evidently a characteristic of animals to seek their own good, and to seek it with greater or less success in proportion to their mental and physical means, and the circumstances in which they are placed. Why should we not call some of the obvious results thence arising "natural selection," and "variability of species," just as we call the other phenomena "gravitation," and "definite proportions"?

We will give another specimen of the absurd objections that have been urged against Mr. Darwin's theory. It has been contended that this theory is overturned because the representations of

some animal made 3,000 years ago, are exactly like the real animal as it now exists; just as if any particular state of modification of an animal would not last as long as the circumstances which produced and are suited to maintain it, whether 3,000, or 30,000, or 300,000 years. Here we see another of the vulgar errors—that which consists in supposing things always were, and always will be, just what we see them in the point of time and space to which an individual experience is confined. Astronomy teaches us that some of the nearest stars are twenty millions of millions of miles off; and that some of the more remote are 35,000 times that distance. Geology teaches that this number in miles is but equivalent to the number in years which has elapsed since the formation of the rock over which the falls of Niagara are precipitated. The enormous numbers reckoned in years and miles with which we have to deal in cosmical phenomena, are familiar to all who are the least conversant with studies of this sort; but it appears that on this subject the mind of your hack critic is a blank. Let it be granted that the formation of the rock in question took place only some short time, a dozen million years or so, after the earth ceased to be in an incandescent state, and a like period before animal life came upon it; nay, let us suppose that animal life came upon the earth, 35,000 \times 20,000,000 \times 1,000,000 years ago; not even 20,000,000 \times 1,000,000 years ago, but only 1,000,000 (though geology points to the longer period). What is 3,000 compared with even this last number? Such silly sophisms remind those versed in the history of scientific discovery, of the objections that were urged against the heliocentric theory on its first announcement. It was unphilosophical, it was heterodox, it was heretical, it was deistic, atheistic, blasphemous; the earth couldn't move, because if it did, a stone dropped from the top of a tower could not fall at its base, &c. But it is a fact worthy of note, that those who argue against a true theory, cannot help adducing facts and considerations that, rightly interpreted, are sure to confirm it. The more they attack it, the more they bring out its strong points, and reveal their own weak ones.

SATIRICAL POETRY.*

SATIRICAL Poetry, at least in the didactic form, has not been very successful lately. But in the shape of burlesque, on and off the stage, satire has revelled, at will over a large arena of subjects. Such works as Goethe's "Faust," and Bailey's "Festus," are profoundly satirical—the former in the philosophical, the latter in the theological field. With the latter, if in an inferior degree, we must class a book lying on our table, with a title-page containing four languages—English, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin; the two latter in mottoes, which we have not given in the foot-note. The author, who is a clergyman, though he has dropped the Reverend from his name, professes in it to cast a *resume* of his moral, intellectual, and religious life, and his censures take a wide aim. The form of the series of poems is mainly lyrical. The author calls them *lucubrations*,—appearing as the *Somniloquence of Age* dreaming over the fanciful visions of Youth. These visions are, in part, connected with his classical studies. The trial of Socrates seems to have commanded his early attention. This nefarious proceeding he has endeavoured to regard in the manner which Socrates thought it deserved, and treats it with a kind of scornful levity which was foreign to the feelings of those who conducted those judicial proceedings, though not to those of the victim. The "Reus Anyti," as the type of mere respectability in all times and places, is treated with the utmost contempt. The leather-cutter's anxiety lest trade should be injured by blasphemy is curious, and the supposition that he "had a genteel wife," is suggestive. History says he had a son, and Mr. Hambleton is courteous enough to assume his legitimacy. No doubt the great accuser was "a family-man," and "the gentility of the lady is the natural concomitant of her spouse's position in society."

We are not introduced to this important matter of the book until the second canto, which celebrates "Attic Drama and Philosophy;" and prepares the way for the third, which is entitled "The Trial for Blasphemy." Let us at once introduce *Anutos*, the respectable leather-cutter:

In Athens, Anutos, the leather-cutter,
In his back-shop did wrathful purpose mutter.
"Me and the rank I hold quite underrating,
This Socrates my shop frequents; and prating.
As if I were not by, or in our Demos
He'd chose to slight the place wherein esteem us
All who can worth discern; the class respected,
The men of substance, who have not neglected
Property, nor taken up with notions
That lead low people on to make commotions."

Anutos then recollects the father of Socrates, who was content to gain a living by mending of statues; and he farther takes credit himself for being willing to undertake any job that might be offered, and for adroitness in the management of business. Anutos then recurs, with a sort of pity, to Socrates:

All not alike are gifted for contriving,
Yet in some humbler way might now be thriving
Socrates. Though perhaps to trade not reaching,
Or sharp enough his brain, yet he at teaching
Might something do. For dullards that vocation
Is suitable; and if they keep their station,

* A Spring-morning's Dream, with Somniloquence, and ETEIPQHEN ("Wide-awake"), By Joseph Hambleton. Kent and Co.

We of the upper class are patronizing.
But he earns nothing by philosophising.
Protagoras and Gorgias, they if any,
Know by the teaching-trade to make a penny,
And many a penny too. Gorgias insisting
'Existence none and substance none's existing.'
It sounds like lying, if by plain names we call things:
The other says 'Man is the measure of all things.'
This has more likelihood, I know not whether
'Tis true of all things; but when I cut leather
Marked by my thumb, disputer's doubts I toss over;
Appeal to fact must silence a philosopher.
But, true or false, no matter; all is ended
About a doctrine, if the pay is splendid:
Of dialectic proof or phrase syntactical
Talk not to me. I am for something practical.
What reasonings, an argument to help, aid
Better than showing that the teacher's well paid?
But Socrates, his best friends cannot deny it,
'KNOWS NOTHING,' that he owns, and nothing by it
Gains he. That care for making wealth should quit he,
Sets up a bad example through the city.
It youth misleads. Soon awful mischief, spring up,
If youth we cease in virtuous ways to bring up.
And what's a virtuous way for youthful training
If we stop up all ways of money-gaining?
Let things go on thus; it will be the plan soon
For some mere carpenter's or working-man's son
To go about, and to the poor be telling
Mischief. A teacher who has not a dwelling
Fixed, and stored with wealth in bags and boxes,
Worse fed than ravens, and worst lodged than foxes,
Is dangerous. The social ordinances
That help the state's and private men's finances
Will such men change? In vain have ancient sages
Laboured to fix for all succeeding ages
What's good, and right, and orderly; if, turning
Upside down the world, what cost in learning
Much thought to wise antiquity to make out,
They, as a bag of jumbled rubbish, shake out.

For all these considerations Anutos thinks it his duty to call Socrates to account, and takes a solemn oath, which the author couches in lyric verses. Mrs. Anutos approves of her husband's sublime resolution, and this she does for her son's sake.

"Oh, that it may be but a mother's fancies!
But much are my misgivings lest our darling
Has caught that fellow's spirit; not the snarling,
Too sweet his temper is for that; but questions
Just like the silly and profane suggestions
Of Socrates, our boy begins to ask me
When he comes in from school. I feel it task me
To silence him, and let him not know 'tis wicked
To talk so. I could think not how he picked
Up the strange words he uses, till I watched him,
And, just as he had hid himself, I snatched him
From a sly corner, where his funny vanity
Was hearkening to Socrates' profanity.
'Ah! now,' said I, 'I see, my pretty roamer,
Whence come the jests at what you learn from Homer.'
'Twould be certain death, fond love, I tell it thee,
Should that dear child grow up to infidelity.'
The gushing tears wiped Anutos. "The dikasts
Shall hear," he said "how this vile scoller thick casts
Free-thinking e'en in children's ears. Our families
Are all alike endangered till some trammel is
For such audacity devised. The pleading
Shall show how he can answer such proceedings."
Praise from the lips he loved protested, "Never
In any undertaking's one so clever
As you, dear! In my cap 'twill be a feather,
Checking ill-natured folk who whisper, 'Leather,'
At my appearance made in good society,
That you support the gods against impiety;
Envy itself must own 'tis not concealed here
That you're 'respectable,' as I 'genteeel,' dear."

Forthwith learned counsel are retained, and Socrates appears in the King Archon's porch to answer the charge. The arraignment proceeds in due form. "Modern instances" are then introduced in illustration; even Erskine and Eldon take rank with Lukon and Meletos. With the fate of the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anutos history has made us sufficiently acquainted.

Instances, such as this, Mr. Hambleton thinks made philosophy cautious, and introduced in times the necessity for Esoteric and Exoteric teaching; the philosopher, thus armed with equivocation, as with a wizard spell, may escape the hemlock-juice; what else beside, the poet neglects to say. It is evident he prefers plain speaking. Hence exclaims he—

Oh! take thine high-appointed place,
Free-thought! Be guider of our race;
But show to each exalted soul
Prepared for him the hemlock-bowl
Who dares, from sect and party free,
To live, and own no guide but thee.

Not all of the book, however, is conceived in the spirit of scornful sport: there is sometimes pathos in the satire, and earnestness in the wit. The poet's purpose throughout is serious. He regards it as an "additional stigma to affix on mental, political, and national subjugation, that Athenian piety could not survive Athenian freedom." He treats this

argument in prose and verse. Occasionally he links together the past and the present; and for Athens we might read London or Paris. This picture of "Political Degradation" is elaborately painted, full of character. Rascality in place, respectability in money power, and genius and virtue existing but as splendid indiscretions in an artificial and selfish state of society, compose the moving dioramas. It is thus, in fine, he depicts the management of Time's theatre, and exemplifies his parsimony:—

"The world's a stage," whereon by ways
Of craft TIME oft has passed
The old for modern use;
Old scenes, old speeches, and old plays,
Among new actors cast,
As new to reproduce.

Time, thrifty manager, sustains
His drama's fame from age to age.
By reproducing on his stage
Old plays, he reputation gains,
With smallest cost of author's pains,
For novelty; and dares engage
New actors whose new names presage
The public favour won; while reigns
Fashion, capricious arbitress,
Whose words with Ignorance avail
What new to call, and stamp success
Due to inventive worth on tale
Decked with new scenery, new dress,
To hide a repetition stale.

Subsequently Paul preaching at Athens presents him with a striking scene, and the poet rises with the occasion. The progress of the Platonic philosophy is also celebrated. And then, by a leap, the dreamer comes to modern Greece, with "Otho and order" as the products of red-tapeism, and the bits of Momus' witticisms. The following lyric is in a higher strain:—

"Two bright islet-studded seas
Gleaming through a haze of glory!
Waft ye not on every breeze
Names the deathless Muse decrees
To live in old heroic story?
His who scared the Minotaur?
See his sail from Naxos scudding!
Argo bears her freight afar,
Heroes panoplied for war
Where Phasis realms of wealth in flooding.
Fixed for fair-haired Leto's throw,
Delos twin-born Gods is heltering;
Scarce the babes their mother know,
Clangs the fatal silver bow,
And Putho in his gore is weltering.
Seas! to me murmur songs
Heard in all your bursting surges:
Charm'd sense the sound prolongs,
Kindling life in shadowy throngs
Which Fancy, child of Memory, urges."

We cannot, however, understand in what the Coleridgeans have displeased our clerical satirist. We suspect that our poet's education has been chiefly classical, and that he knows little, perhaps next to nothing, of the Teutonic Muse, whether in poetry or philosophy. That would certainly explain a certain amount of prejudice and error. Let the indignant bard take comfort. Amid all manner of seeming reproductions, the world has nevertheless progressed.

WEYMOUTH AND LONDON.*

GEOLoGICAL savans are the most industrious of their race, and have more opportunities for applying their diligence than others. The earth is everywhere, and subject to investigation—but no where is more fruitful in information than in Weymouth and its neighbourhood. Numberless inquiries have questioned its soil, and obtained answer. Mr. Damon, a practical geologist, has compiled a summary of these; and also others relating to the Island of Portland and the neighbourhood. This book is amply illustrated with maps and plates, and has all the appearance of being useful to the learner.

The entire bay of Weymouth, it is supposed, has been formed by the action of the sea on the yielding strata which may once have filled that area. As the land rose slowly out of the sea it became exposed to the violent agitation of the waves and currents of the ocean, which in places may have removed each stratum as it rose to the surface; while in others temporary lakes were formed, the waters of which would eventually find for themselves an outlet. The furrowed surface of the chalk in the north-east of Weymouth agrees with this supposition; while on the west, the extensive valleys of Burton, Bridport, Chideock, and Charmouth, all terminate at the sea.

The Isle of Portland Mr. Damon points to as the most interesting geological feature on this part of the coast. There is a singular uniformity in the elevation of the Portland beds in some districts, as if the agency which raised the Isle of Portland, acted with a similar force over a larger area. The strata are seldom horizontal; but at Portland, and in some counties, dip slightly to the south.

A summary like this cannot need an apology; its utility in so brief a form will not be doubted. The publisher's aim, indeed, has been utility—an aim and an end also which we recognise in his

* *Handbook to the Geology of Weymouth and the Island of Portland, with Notes of the Natural History of the Coast and Neighbourhood.* By Robert Damon. Accompanied by a map of the district, geological sections, plates of fossils, coast views, and numerous other illustrations.—Ev. Stamford.—*Stamford's New London Guide, with Maps.*—Ed. Stamford.

"Handbook of London," which contains every kind of information that can be useful to the visitor, including literary, scientific, and art institutions, London libraries and galleries of art. The environs of London are also included in the survey, with the hospitals of Chelsea and Greenwich, and the dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich.

STORIES, OLD AND NEW.*

THE work before us, entitled "The Adventures of Gooroo Simple," and which is most expensively got up, and elaborately adorned with illustrations by Crowquill, is evidently intended as a satire upon the Brahmans; their assumption of wisdom and learning, and absurd prejudices in favour of *caste*. Their authorship is uncertain; Father Beschi, an Italian, belonging to the Propaganda Order of the Society of Jesus, afterwards appointed by the Pope to the East India Mission, and to whom we are indebted for a Tamul text of these singular narratives, being considered by many the original inventor of them, his object being to render the religion and priesthood of the people with whom he fraternized both contemptible and ridiculous. Others, discarding this opinion, attribute them to the followers of Buddhism, and seek rather to trace their origin to the Vallaoran Pariars, a sect particularly despised by the Brahmans, because they set at naught some of the prejudices and conventionalities of the Hindoo tribes, and who took this covert way of conveying to the people their hatred and defiance of their ignorant and arrogant opponents. Be this as it may, certain it is that to Father Beschi we owe the collecting together and rendering into the same language these very amusing and exciting lampoons upon the vaunted intellectual acquirements of the Brahmans.

The storey told in the first chapter is remarkably trite and funny, and we do not think any one will read it through without indulging in hearty fits of laughter. The Venerable Gooroo Simple, accompanied by his five disciples, *Noodle*, *Doodle*, *Wiseacre*, *Zany*, and *Foozle*, going out upon a certain day to administer spiritual consolation and instruction to the faithful of his flock, returning about midday, finds himself upon the bank of a stream, the which he should ford before arriving at his *mattam*, or cell, the residence of himself and followers, when those respectable functionaries are politely signified to be "at home." The Gooroo, however, being remarkable for his wisdom, and having heard some very ugly stories relative to the danger of crossing this same stream in one of its wakeful moods, determines to wait until such time as it shall have subsided into a calm and death-like sleep, when he calculates with his five disciples to pass safely over to the opposite bank. He accordingly deputes his favourite Wiseacre to ascertain the state of the treacherous stream; the latter, approaching the river, according to instructions, on tiptoe, immerses a burning brand, brought for the purpose, in the water, which, by a very natural conjunction of opposing elements, emits a hissing noise; which noise the promising disciple accepts as a sufficiently convincing proof that the river is still awake and roaring for its prey. The second time this hopeful recipient of the holy Gooroo's extraordinary wisdom approaches the river, he touches it with the extinguished brand, when, of course, the ominous sound which before saluted his ear, is no longer perceptible, and he, therefore concludes that the time has arrived for his beloved master to make his escape from his present uncomfortable position. They accordingly all cross over to the further bank. There, however, another difficulty presents itself. It suddenly occurs to Wiseacre that, whereas six decidedly went into the river, there are perceptible to his ocular vision only five that have come out of it. True, there stands before him the Gooroo, Noodle, Doodle, Zany, and Foozle, but what has become of the sixth? The puzzled tyro appeals to his superior; but the worthy Gooroo is so absorbed in the contemplation of his own learning, and is, moreover, so self-oblivious, and regardless of his bodily comforts, that he has become happily unconscious of the existence of such a person as number one, and consequently cannot be expected to offer any satisfactory solution to the enigma. For the manner in which the party are extricated from this and all their subsequent dilemmas we refer the reader to the work itself, recommending it as one of the best Christmas books of the season, adapted to afford much information and amusement alike to adults as to the more juvenile members of the rising generation.

A new edition of Warburton's "Darien; or, The Merchant Prince," is just published, forming the thirteenth volume of Hurst and Blackett's new series of novels. The excellence of this work is so well known as to require but little comment. The story, which possesses all the elements of popularity, is most skilfully devised, and elaborately worked out. The scene is laid severally in Great Britain, Spain, and America, and introduces us to a goodly number of historical personages, buccaneers, &c. The period is during the reigns of his Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand of Spain, and James the Second of England; and the bigotries of the former sovereign, and the terrors of the Inquisition, then in full force throughout his dominions, are powerfully—even fearfully—delineated. In an early part of the volume three Mariscos, descendants of the former possessors of the land, a race at the time of the story almost exterminated from the soil, come under the suspicion of the Secret Tribunal; and after undergoing the most frightful and protracted tortures, the means for inflicting which the Holy-office was

so ingenious in devising, at length fall victims to Jesuitical hatred and superstition. The language here, as indeed throughout the production, is in the highest degree eloquent and illustrative of the subject, and calculated to impress the reader's imagination, vividly and distinctly, with the horrors the author is depicting. Seldom have we read a novel so exciting, and so admirably sustained from the commencement to the end; or where so much poetic power was displayed, with so little tendency on the part of the writer to introduce the same to the detriment of his story.

The next work upon our list is an elegantly-bound volume of tales, entitled the "Illustrated Boys' Own Story Book," in which the illustrations are sufficiently select and numerous to secure it, apart from any other consideration, a favourable reception from the more juvenile portion of the public. All these tales are of a superior order, and are, moreover, constructed upon the excellent principle of conveying to youth as much information as possible, under the most pleasing and alluring aspect. Consequently, we find that in all these neat little fictions the compiler has taken care to combine an equal amount of instruction and amusement; and we have no doubt that that they will be found invaluable to the class of readers for whom they are especially intended. Among the tales we can particularly recommend to our juvenile brethren, are the "Boyhood of Du Gueselin," the "Story of a Great Man who was a Cobbler," and the "Anecdote of Joseph the Second, Emperor of Austria."

FRENCH WORKS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IT proved a misfortune, and a very serious one, for the science of political economy, that it was born in an age of scepticism, and cradled, so to say, amidst the licentiousness of the most depraved Court in Europe. Quesnay, our readers will no doubt remember, resided at Versailles under the reign of Madame de Pompadour, and the theories which he propounded on the origin and distribution of riches were conceived and discussed at a time when philosophy was the only science deemed worthy of attention, and when all philosophy was reduced to the grossest sensationalism. This circumstance, we repeat, proved a real misfortune to the science of political economy; and even at the present day that branch of human learning is connected, in the mind of many people, with the brutal schemes which the philosophers of the last century endeavoured to construct upon the unsafe foundation of selfishness. Surely, some assert, the connection between labour and capital, the question of wages, the problems of industry, have nothing whatever to do with ethics, especially with *spiritualism*. Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest, such is the maxim which is at the basis of political economy, and we should like to know how such a maxim can be forced into the remotest affinity with those "airy nothings" which are the constant topics for the cavillings of metaphysicians and moralists. To these doubts—to these questions, M. Antonin Rondelet has lately offered a twofold answer; the one, couched in a didactic form, and more particularly addressed to philosophers; the other, thrown into the shape of a tale, and designed to popularise the axioms and precepts discussed by the first.

We cannot deny that the great extension lately given to industry and to industrial science by the French Government, whilst everything relating to the manifestation and free development of thought is systematically discouraged,—we cannot deny that such an extension has produced in many instances a reaction against all topics more or less connected with the results of mere manual labour. It is seen, by noble minds, that the elegant refinements of luxury and the wonders of applied science are far from incompatible with a state of thorough moral dissolution, and that if, after all, the wonderful results we see every day are only destined to establish among us the reign of matter, the triumph of *positivism*, the end attained is not worth all the trouble, all the ingenuity displayed in pursuing it. We do not know whether the French *Academie des Sciences morales et politiques* was acting under this impression when it proposed as the subject of one of its prizes, the following question: "To determinate the relations which exist between ethics and political economy;" but the volume of M. Rondelet, which received the prize, is undoubtedly the best attempt that has hitherto been made to explain those relations, to prove their validity, and to show that wherever they are not recognised, the science of political economy must sink to the degraded position of a few rules about barter and sale.

Descartes, by applying algebra to geometry, created a new branch of mathematical science. M. Rondelet thinks that the time has come likewise of giving a new impetus to social science, by bringing metaphysics and ethics to bear upon the solution of economical questions; the problems which he analyses, the facts which he enumerates, are precisely those which every one can find examined in the works of Adam Smith and J. B. Say; it is the stand point from which they are treated that is new, for our author undertakes to prove, contrary to the generally received opinion, that the most essential difficulties relating to political economy are only solved by moral philosophy, and in nowise by the experimental study of social facts. His work is subdivided into four books, corresponding to the four great divisions of political economy, viz., 1st, Production; 2nd, Exchange; 3rd, Consumption; 4th, Taxes.

It would be, of course, impossible for us to follow M. Rondelet

* Strange Surprising Adventures of the Venerable Gooroo Simple, and His Five Disciples, &c., adorned with fifty illustrations, by Crowquill. London: Trübner and Co.—Darien, or The Merchant Prince. By Elliot Warburton. Fourth Edition. London: Hurst and Blackett.—The Illustrated Boys' Own Story Book; adapted for the Encouragement, Amusement, and Recreation of Youth. London: Ward and Lock.

• *Du Spiritualisme en Economie Politique*. Par M. Antonin Rondelet. 8vo. Paris: Didier.
Les Mémoires d'Antoine, ou Notions Populaires de Morale et d'Economie Politique. Par M. Antonin Rondelet, 8vo. Paris: Didier.

throughout the various illustrations which he gives of his new theory, especially when we consider the vast extent of the ground over which he takes us; but we must say that we have very seldom seen the matter-of-fact details of a science generally deemed dull and hidden, elucidated in a more interesting manner, or clothed under a more attractive and elegant style. M. Rondelet grapples boldly with all the difficulties of his subject; at the very first page he finds himself arrested by that momentous problem of the *right to labour*—“le droit au travail,”—which has formed the programme of all modern socialist teachers. Here, as throughout the other chapters of his book, he does not start from the discussion of facts, but asserting the unchangeable truth of the moral law, he shows very clearly that the only method of dealing with the matter is to establish at first what is the true end of life; this being once ascertained, will necessarily lead to right conceptions respecting the nature of hereditary property, labour, and production.

Some of our author's remarks are excellent in point both of style and of moral truth; we would notice more particularly his distinction between true or lawful and false or spurious luxury, and his chapter on what he designates as *la consommation dangereuse*; that is to say, on those articles of supply which correspond to the most degraded propensities of our nature. Alluding to the sale of intoxicating drinks, of cards, &c., M. Rondelet characterises the surveillance exercised over such branches of industry by Government as being not a whit less immoral than would be the avowed sanctioning of them. The provocation of example, he says, is one of the most serious of social evils, and it ought not to be permitted under any shape whatever. Why, for instance, should a man in a state of intoxication not be punished as violating the laws of public decency? Why should we have to wait for the purpose of interfering with him, till he has struck a passer-by, or committed some other positive nuisance? This question is by no means the most important one which M. Rondelet raises, as a glance at pages 276 and 277 will show, but we must content ourselves with this mere allusion to social difficulties, the solution of which, at the present time at least, seems quite impossible.

The work we have just attempted to describe is excellent, and it deserves all the success which it has obtained; but M. Rondelet's task would only be half accomplished if, together with an *ex-professo* treatise, he had not composed a more popular statement of the same doctrines adapted to the perusal of that class of readers who are generally frightened by the appearance of didactic works. It is, no doubt, exceedingly important to disseminate sound views on political economy amongst those who have to a certain extent in their hands the destinies of society. But it is, perhaps, still more essential that these views should be brought within the reach of the working classes, generally so open to every transient impression, so accessible to the destructive influence of sophisms presented in a plausible and attractive form. The “*Mémoires d'Antoine*” seems to us particularly calculated to supply the desideratum, containing as they do, under the garb of an entertaining story, a thorough examination of the leading questions which form the subject for the discussion of political economists. Antoine, the hero of the tale, is an intelligent workman, who, trained up to the trade of a carpenter, has been in turns an apprentice, then an *ouvrier*, finally a master in his craft, and who, by his industry, his honesty, and his ability, has at last attained the proud position of mayor of his native village. Thus circumstanced, he states the history of his own life, and enforces for the benefit of others the useful lessons which he had derived from the various circumstances amidst which he had been thrown. Besides the instructions expressly relating to political economy, M. Rondelet's charming little novel contains also hints on subjects of more general interest, and which readers of every class of society might profitably meditate. The following paragraph selected from the chapter entitled, “*Des Mauvaises Lectures*,” is a forcible and lamentably true description of the common run of French novels:—

“No one would attempt to justify the habit of keeping company with dishonest people; and what other epithet but that of dishonest can be applied to those writers who, under the plea of making you spend a few pleasant moments, insensibly accustom you to think about a thousand different things which ought to make you blush; filling with vice, with crime, with ignominy the world of their own creation, and then endeavouring to represent it as the reality; writers who, from beginning to end, preach against virtue, extol vice, show the honourable man falling a victim to his duty, and find a thousand impossible circumstances to excuse the wicked, leading him to consider his sufferings as so many unjust visitations against which he is quite authorised to seek a remedy in revolt. Thus our feelings become blunt; the deeds which at first roused our indignation appear very soon perfectly natural And by the time you have reached the third volume you admit, as a matter of course, or at least as tolerable, the details which, in the first, seemed to you perfectly revolting.”

We are sorry to have so soon to take leave of M. A. Rondelet, but we must say a few words of another book on political economy, M. du Cellier's “*Histoire des Classes Laborieuses*.^{*} The programme of this volume is thus explained by the author: “J'ai essayé de retracer à travers les dix-neuf siècles écoulés depuis la conquête de César, le sort des classes voies au travail, leur développement moral et intellectuel, le part qu'elles ont prise aux événements de notre histoire et aux progrès de cette civilisation qui est le patrimoine de la France entière.” The subject examined by M. du Cellier has, as we see at once, an historical rather than a philosophical character; it is one of the most important ones connected with the develop-

ment of French civilization, and if examined in all its bearings it would reach far beyond the proportions of an octavo volume. M. du Cellier very wisely limits himself to the consideration of one feature in the account he gives us of the labouring classes; he merely studies them in their relations with the authority of the country, and he appreciates principally the various administrative acts by which the existence of that branch of the community, their positions, their duties, and their rights have been from time to time defined and regulated.

It is not too much to say that a work like the one we are now alluding to, is quite as essential and calculated to do quite as much good, as the two volumes already mentioned of M. Rondelet. For if sophists and mob-operators have endeavoured to mislead the labouring classes by presenting to them erroneous theories on political economy, they have also, and perhaps even more successfully, attempted to bring about the same result by repeating to them *ad nauseam*, that the whole history of France, from the times of Julius Cesar downwards, is nothing but a long martyrology in which Jacques Bonhomme, the unfortunate *proletaire* workman, serf, villein, bondsman, appears uniformly sacrificed to the tyranny of hard hearted, iniquitous masters. This is a gross misrepresentation of history; but as M. du Cellier very clearly shows, the *bourgeoisie* have very little reason to complain in this particular instance. If socialist writers and Red Republican publicists distort the facts of history to stir up the passions of the mob against the middle-classes, may we not, in our turn, blame certain historians of the *bourgeoisie* who adopted the Voltairean point of view for giving the pompous, but, in their case, the lying title of *Histoire de France* to long, inflated, tedious tirades against kings, priests, and nobles? M. du Cellier, at any rate, has carefully avoided this defect; his work is written in the most conscientious manner, and the only fault we can find with it is, that notes and references to original documents are not plentiful enough. The common defect of historians is to make too great a display of their erudition; M. du Cellier has, we think, gone to the other extreme; and a few quotations from official papers and legislative enactments might have been advantageously interspersed.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SPECIAL.

HANOVER, NOV. 8, 1860.

OPINIONS are not much divided as to the value to be set upon the concessions made by the Austrian Government to the Hungarian people, for the Edict of the 20th ult. touches Hungary almost alone, and is neither more nor less than an attempt to conciliate that important part of the Empire. The German-Austrian countries are hardly mentioned; not a word of Venetia nor Galicia. Nor is this surprising. The last mentioned province is a mere lifeless map, perfectly passive in the hands of despotism and permitting itself to be treated just as circumstances render it convenient. Venetia is regarded no doubt as an inimical province that no amount of favour or extent of concessions ever would soothe into content and friendship; and, as for the German provinces, they are not so dangerous that the Government should care about depreciating their wrath. Hungary, unlike any German country, has been these years past seriously and actively at work for redemption from the political slavery into which treachery on the one hand, and sentiment on the other, had placed her. All that the Hungarians have been doing these years past has been done darkly as it were, owing to the total eclipse of their language and literature by the German element, or say rather German prince propaganda. By the meagre notices extracted from Hungarian papers, the letters of correspondents, and travellers, we have seen that the agitation in Hungary has never for an instant ceased since 1848, and the succeeding years of reaction. Where they could not show their discontent by deeds they have by protests, and instead of being intimidated by seeing their political leaders dragged away to distant fortresses, they have agitated the more resolutely. The Hungarians, by their bravery and self-sacrificing patriotism, have gained the acknowledgment, if not indeed the restitution of their rights and liberties, while the other provinces, more especially the German provinces, have been passed over with the contempt which their political supineness deserved. The discontent on the part of the German press generally is very great, not that any real value is set upon this so-called new Constitution, which we may regard as the fourth that has been proclaimed within the past twelve years, but because the Hungarians have by it become the leading nation of the Empire. It is curious to refer to the official journals of former years, and to read the fine phrases with which each new Constitution was ushered into existence, and then to take up Count RECHBERG's circular, addressed to the different Governments of Germany, acquainting them with the vast and hopeful change which has been introduced. The first of the new Constitutions of the last ten years was octroyed, that is, conceded, of his own good will and pleasure, by the Emperor FERDINAND, in April, 1848, and had for its object the union, as a Constitutional State, of the German federal provinces with Galicia, the BUKOWINA, and Dalmatia, by which union Hungary and Lombardo-Venetia were to be held isolated, and yet form integral parts of the Empire. For some months, in accordance with the provisions of that Constitution, a Reichstag or Diet held its sittings at Vienna. This Constitution was, however, soon declared to be impracticable and quietly consigned to oblivion, to the no great grief of any political party. The members of the Diet, on being sent to their homes, were impressed with the belief that the failure of the Constitution was entirely attributable to their want of political educa-

^{*} *Histoire des Classes Laborieuses en France, depuis la Conquête de la Gaule par Jules César, jusqu'à nos jours.* Par M. F. du Cellier. 8vo. Paris: Didier.

tion. On the 4th of March, 1849, the new Constitution of *Kremser* was proclaimed. This was to embrace all Austria, and to unite all the provinces by one Grand General Diet. This lasted three years, but only on paper. The Government decided that it was totally impracticable, and tossed it into the waste-paper basket. Since this the military political centralisation system, which had been exercised only as a temporary necessity till some better system could be devised, became the acknowledged principle of the Government, and continued, as it has been, up to the present time, may be regarded as the new Constitution number three. This has endured ten long years, but by the late edict of the 20th ult., it is evident the Government finds it equally impracticable, and it is, therefore, formally abolished, that is to say, it will be as soon as the newest Constitution is in full action. When that will be remains to be seen. One thing, however, is clear, namely, that Hungary takes a more important position than ever before, and it will be worth while to devote ourselves to the study of the language and the institutions of the country. Hungary does not return to the position she occupied in the Empire up to 1848. She must now be viewed as the head and front of Austria. The Hungarians have trodden the German propaganda under foot, and with the 20th of October Hungary has become the first political power in Austria, acknowledged by the Emperor himself. Without a press, without a parliament, without arms, and without money, Hungary has reconquered what she was deprived of eleven years ago by the treachery of *GEORGEY*; and this victory is not only a proof but a guarantee of her future preponderance, and, doubtless, the Magyars will know how to improve this preponderance; the proud patriotism evinced by them during the last ten years affords sufficient warrant for this belief. The Austrian party in the German press claims the gratitude of the Hungarians for these Imperial concessions; but the Austrian Government will be certainly disappointed in their expectations of gratitude for a restitution of stolen rights, which have been restored, not from a sentiment of love and justice, but at the behest of dire necessity. Far from evincing gratitude for the concessions which have been made, it is a question whether the Hungarians will rest satisfied with them. The remembrance of the past and fears for the future of the Constitution, but particularly the dangerous position of the Empire at this moment, will excite in the Magyars the desire to have the management of their own financial affairs, and the localisation of the army. The popular voice, the leading men who are to assemble at *Graz*, and the Hungarian Diet itself, will make the independence of Hungarian finance and military departments their first and foremost demand. And how will the Austrian Government be able to resist the demand of the representatives of the nation when it could not resist the popular feeling represented only by sullen discontent or a street outbreak now and then? The Austrian Government will do what Hungary desires no doubt, and Hungary desires neither more nor less than complete self-government as a sovereign state, under a king, who may at the same time be Emperor of Austria, but whose Austrian and other affairs have nothing in common with those of Hungary. In fact, it is tolerably plain that Hungary is resolved to have, and will have, no other connection with the other Austrian countries than the mere personal union under the House of Hapsburg; and the Government will not be in a position to resist this desire if the Hungarian Diet should lend voice to it. So many difficulties are surging up against the fulfilment of the edict of the 20th ult., that it is very questionable whether it will not meet the fate of the two written Constitutions of 1848 and 1849. The Hungarians are by no means assured of its accomplishment, and hence not only the absence of all rejoicings, but, on the contrary, the active opposition to all demonstrations of gratitude or satisfaction.

The telegraph has already informed the world of the sudden termination of the Warsaw Conference, and of all that the Sovereigns choose the world should know about it. For the present we are to believe that the Sovereigns undertook the journey simply to have a quiet chat with one another, review some Russian troops, and enjoy the excitement of hunting wild pigs and buffaloes. A good deal is related of the balls and parties at Warsaw, and of how *FRANCIS JOSEPH* was treated by the Emperor *ALEXANDER*—how he was once seen to leave the Conference with tears in his eyes—how he stood isolated at a ball, &c., &c.—but nobody believes bit of it, and correspondents who dish up such proverbs appear ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men. The absurd stories which are in circulation upon the meeting will possibly force the Governments to give some sort of a report of the deliberations which took place. We may then form a guess of what was said by what is left unsaid by the report. Count *RECHBERG* has already, it appears, informed the diplomatic corps that Austria proposed the following three questions at the Conference:—“Would Russia and Prussia acknowledge the deeds done and completed in Italy? What course of action would they adopt if Piedmont, in an attack upon Austria, should be aided by another Power? What would Prussia do if the war should break out, and a part of the German Federal territory should be invaded?” Count *RECHBERG* announces at the same time that Austria will issue a circular respecting the Conference to all her representatives.

On the 10th inst., the drawing of the Grand National Schiller Lottery will take place at Dresden. Some hundreds of thousands in and out of Germany are personally interested in this, for no less than 600,000 tickets, at one dollar each, have been disposed of to parties in all quarters of the globe. Major *SERRE*, the origin-

nator of the scheme, has promised that each ticket is to gain a prize of at least one dollar in value. How he will manage to keep his promise, we are all very curious to see. The prizes consist of articles purchased by Major *SERRE*, and of voluntary contributions from admirers of the poet in all parts of the world. The collection has been for some time past on exhibition, and, by all accounts, it forms a comical and motley group. There are to be seen six mahogany grand pianos, a silver vase, three hundred ounces in weight, many beautiful oil paintings, porcelain vases, musical boxes, and other choice and valuable prizes. So far, good; but then follows an enormous number of mustard-pots, napkin-rings, gloves, lead pencils, letter-weights, and pyramids of cigars of uncertain quality. These cigars, in packages of 100 each, are to form five thousand prizes. There are fifteen hundred prizes, consisting each of four pair of men's hose, and one pair of slippers, a pile of table-cloths, six thousand pairs of knives and forks, heaps of silk handkerchiefs, dressing-gowns, mantillas, brass candlesticks, tumblers, decanters, wine-glasses, washing-stands, clocks, spoons, and cotton umbrellas. The major has an excuse for the variety in the vast number of tickets sold, each of which must have a prize; but imagine an ardent admirer of the poet receiving as his prize—instead of some relic of the poet—a mustard-pot, or a packet of lead pencils. Imagine some fair enthusiast receiving as the prizes for her three tickets a pair of men's hose, a box of cigars, and a double-barrelled gun; or fancy an incipient poet receiving for his three tickets a petticoat, three yards of muslin, and a mantilla, or, perhaps, a pair of stays. The prizes will be sent to the ticket-holders at their own expense and risk; and for that purpose all are required to make known to the committee their addresses and the number of their tickets immediately after the drawing shall have taken place. It may consequently happen that the patriotic *SCHILLERITE* in distant Sweden, in Russia, or even in more distant India, may be called upon to pay for the carriage of a cotton umbrella worth two shillings. Besides such articles as the above-mentioned there are three relics of the poet, as a writing-desk, at which *SCHILLER* probably wrote, a letter from him, framed and glazed, and a gold ring with a lock of the poet's hair. This last is considered to be the most valuable prize next to the two houses, the one at *Eisenach* and the other at *Freiburg*; because, according to general belief, that fabulous creature, the eccentric Englishman, is in the field, and has declared his readiness to give one thousand pounds sterling for this lock of hair. Some say this Englishman is a rich lord; others, that he is only an agent employed by a society of ladies to purchase the relic which they intend to divide among themselves.

The press and people of this country are thoroughly astonished at the energy with which the London press has taken up the affair between Captain *MACDONALD* and the railway official, or rather that silly limb of the law, *MOELLER*. It is to be regretted that *MOELLER*'s foolish remark should have given rise to so much international recrimination and ill-feelings. *MOELLER* was endeavouring to do the proud, which in a German official is very laughable.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Remarks on the Post-office Savings Bank Plan. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law. London: C. and E. Taylor.

These remarks purported to be, when published, extracted from part 5 of the author's forthcoming “Practical Treatise on Savings Banks.” In our article “Prevention of Death by Starvation,” in our number of the 27th ult., we indicated as one of the causes of destitution, the absence of a good system of insurance by means of which the working classes could, when in work and in health, provide out of their earnings against illness and want of employment. In the work before us we have a plan, the object of which is twofold:—1st, to enable the poorer classes to obtain investment for their savings, or to buy stock or bank annuities in small sums, by payments transmitted through the General Post-office, at an expense of one penny in the pound; and 2nd, the establishment of a “Poors’ Assurance Office” to enable persons subsisting wholly or principally by the wages of their labour, to make provision by assurance for their families. We earnestly recommend these suggestions to the promoters of the plan for the “relief of distress,” alluded to in our article mentioned above.

A Connected View of the Morning Service of the Established Church. By John Salmon. London: James Blackwood, 1860.

This little work is intended to show the connexion and relation between the several parts of the morning service, and the harmony which pervades the whole. It is inscribed to Mr. Samuel Tymms, F.S.A., the archaeologist.

Altar-Light: a Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D., London. By the Rev. John Macfarlane, L.S.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co., 1860.

This little work consists of the substance of a sermon preached at Finsbury Chapel, on the occasion of Dr. Fletcher's death, and the profits arising from the sale are to be applied towards the “Fletcher Memorial” Fund.

The Lord Mayor of London. London: Collingridge, City Press Office.

This is a reprint from the *City Press*. It is a sketch of the origin, history, and antiquity of the office of lord mayor, and will be found interesting to those versed, or desirous of being versed, in civic archaeology.

The Hand-Book of Business. London and New York: Cassell & Co.

This is a dictionary of the terms and technicalities in use in commerce. It also contains tables of foreign monies, weights, and measures, &c., with forms of mercantile documents, and is a useful little manual of the kind.

Historical Tales. No. 21. "The Forsaken, or the Times of St. Dunstan." London: J. H. and J. Parker, 337, Strand.

This is one of the series of historical tales issued by this firm, intended to illustrate by agreeable fiction the manner and customs of the age in which the scene is laid. It is followed by an appendix, containing curious and interesting information about trial by ordeal, the position of slaves, St. Dunstan and the coiners, the qualifications of a thane, the severity and character of St. Dunstan, the early use of bells, &c.

SERIALS.

One of Them. By Charles Lever. No. 12. Nov., 1860. London: Chapman and Hall.—This serial continues its career in its telling and racy style. We have in the present number "The Doctor's Narrative," and "A Happy Accident," and we are then taken to "Rome," and introduced at the "Palazzo Balbi," and the part winds up with "The Old Story," which, however, seems always to possess the attraction of novelty.

Recreational Science. Nov., 1860. London: Groombridge & Sons.—This month's number opens with a paper on "Reptile Vivaria." "The Measurement of Time by Ancient and Modern Calendars," is an interesting paper; as is also one on "Goodchild's Trochoidoscope," for an account and description of which new optical instrument we must refer to the publication itself. The growth of fungi, lunar halos, the path of the planet Neptune, Maori customs and traditions, the structure and movements of comets, the low temperature of mountains, the manufacture of coining dies, and a variety of other interesting subjects, are lucidly treated, not forgetting an article with the formidable heading of "Desmidiae, or Desmidiae," which, be it explained, are a particular description of, to use the words of the article before us, "beautiful organised thing," microscopic in size and wondrous in form. This publication is well illustrated throughout with appropriate diagrams and cuts.

Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights. No. 7. "The Mice at Play," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." London: Groombridge and Sons.—This is another little tale of this cheap and well written series for children, but which might be read by children of a larger growth with perhaps more profit or less detriment, than much of the twaddle that is written for them.

The English Cyclopaedia of Arts and Sciences, conducted by Charles Knight. London: Bradbury and Evans.—"Paper Manufacture and Trade" is concluded in this part, and is followed by articles on the important subjects of "Papyrus" (the ancient paper of the Egyptians); "Parallax," "Parliament," "Patent," "Pelasgian Architecture," "Perspective," "Pestilence," &c., concluding with a portion of an article on the tactics of the ancients, under the head of "Phalanx."

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Part II. Manchester: Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Boston (U.S.): Walker, Wise, and Co.—The second part of this work, now before us, confirms the favourable impression of the first for completeness of detail and copiousness of information. Its 32 clear and legible but full pages of matter commence with the conclusion of the article on "Agony," and end with the first part of an instructive essay on "Antiquity."

Routledge's Illustrated Natural History. By the Reverend J. G. Wood, M.A. F.L.S. &c. Part 22. London and New York: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.—The present part contains some very curious specimens of the fledged biped gnat, such as those singular birds, Gould's neomorpha, Bullock's bee-eater, the rifle-bird, the superb plume bird, the twelve-thread epimachus, the hoopoe, the malachite sun bird, the Australian dicemus, the various sorts of humming birds, the sun gem, the shear-tail, the white booted rachet-tail, the thorn-bill, &c.

The Poetic Magazine. No. 1. November, 1860. London: Wilks, Farrah and Dunbar.—The introductory address prefixed to this little periodical informs us that the plan of it was suggested by a visit to the scene of Gray's Elegy. We find in it various definitions of poetry that are somewhat new to us; poetry, we find, is, among other things, "the embryo of the future, the stepping-stone from the past, the link of a continuous chain that lifts men from the valley of death into the regions bordering upon angel-land;" for which reason, among others, the writer exhorts us "to raise for it a new and spacious temple, wherein its voice may be ever heard, in sorrow, in anger, and in love, shouting Excelsior," &c.

The Companion for Youth. No. 2. New Series. Nov., 1860. London: Dean and Son.—This is one of Messrs. Dean's useful publications for children. The present number contains a song for three voices—music and words.

Kingston's Magazine for Boys. No. 21. Nov., 1860. London: Bosworth and Harrison.—The present part contains chapter 12 of "My Travels," which conducts the reader to Naples, and gives him a good deal of amusing information about the place; and the "Adventures of the Three Midshipmen" are nearly brought to close.

Cassell's Popular Natural History. Part 20. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—The part before us is principally occupied with a very interesting portion of the pachiderm family. On the opening page is an excellent engraving of Gainsborough's Donkey Race, by way of illustration. In another illustration, the variability of the bovine species is curiously exemplified in the contrast between the Scotch and Hungarian cattle.

Cassell's Illustrated History of England; the text by William Howitt. Part 10. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—This is a very interesting number, as it contains a very interesting period. There are portraits of M. Mirabeau, and Louis 16th, and engravings of "Lafayette preserving the Life of the Queen," the "March of the Women to Versailles," &c.

Cassell's Family Paper. Part 35. New Series. Nov. 1860. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—The monthly instalment of this miscellany comes before us with its usual varied and attractive contents. In the present part there is a portrait of Francis II, King of Naples, which seems to be taken, though we know how we should be on guard against the suggestions of the imagination, just such a character as that dethroned potentate has proved himself to be.

The Ladies' Treasury. No. 45. Nov. 1860. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—This periodical of "light literature for ladies"

contains some representations of court costumes, masculine and feminine, of the time of Louis XIV., which contrast strangely with the crinolines and peg-tops of the present age. *Au reste*, the contents are as usual well assorted and well written.

Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible. Part 18. London and New York: Cassell and Co.—The present part, in which there are some excellent illustrations, as "the Death of Saul and his Armour-bearer," "the Moabites presenting Gifts to David," "David instructing Solomon as to the erection of the Temple of Jerusalem," &c., comprises the first and second Books of Chronicles, from chapter 10 of the former to chapter 4 of the latter.

THE NATURAL HISTORY REVIEW.—A new quarterly review, with this title, will appear on the 1st of January next. We find the several departments will be under the direction of the editors whose names are attached to them as follows:—Physiology and Histology, William B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.; Robert McDonnell, M.D.; E. Perceval Wright, A.M., M.D., F.L.S.: Systematic Zoology and Distribution, J. Ray Greene, A.B.; P. L. Sclater, A.M., Sec. Z.S., F.L.S.: Anatomy, Human and Comparative, and Embryology, George Busk, F.R.S., Sec. L.S.; John Lubbock, F.R.S., F.L.S.; Thos. H. Huxley, F.R.S., F.L.S.: Phanerogamic Botany, Daniel Oliver, F.L.S.: Cryptogamic Botany, Frederick Currey, F.R.S., F.L.S.: Paleontology, Thos. H. Huxley, F.R.S., F.L.S.: Wyville Thomson, F.R.S.E. The contents of the review will consist of original articles and reports; reviews; and bibliographical notices and miscellanies.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—This Society met at 4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, on Wednesday evening, when the following papers were read:—A Report of the Ethnological Papers read at the British Association at Oxford. By Dr. James Hunt, Hon. Sec.—On the Relation of Domestic Animals to Civilisation (Birds). By John Crawford, Esq., President.

A NEW HOSPITAL.—Under the title of [the North London Hospital for consumption and diseases of the chest, a new hospital has been opened for in-door patients as well as those requiring to be visited at their own homes, at Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.

THE ASPHALTUM COMPANY.

A GENERAL meeting of the shareholders in this company was held at the offices, Great Winchester-street, on Tuesday, for the purpose of confirming the proceedings of a meeting held on the 3rd October, at which it was resolved to increase the capital 100,000*l.*, and to convert the 10*l.* shares into shares of 1*l.* each.

The Chairman (Mr. Chaplin) said the object of the meeting was, as they had heard from the secretary, to confirm certain resolutions which had been passed by one meeting of shareholders, but which it was necessary should be confirmed by another. In their original prospectus, which was drawn up, but not published, they based their calculations of profit upon certain data, and the salient points were these—first, they put down the yield of oil from the asphaltum at eighty gallons a ton; then they calculated the product at 5,750 gallons a week, and they put down the price at 2*s.* 6*d.* a gallon. Instead, however, of the price being only 2*s.* 6*d.* a gallon, they had sold none recently for less than 2*s.* 8*d.*, and but little at that price, and for some they had got as much as 3*s.* 6*d.* Then as regarded the product, instead of being eighty gallons per ton, which they had calculated upon, he was happy to say it had yielded from ninety to ninety-five gallons, and therefore, as regarded the permanent commercial success of the undertaking, their expectations had been more than realized. As regarded the raw material, which did not enter into their calculations, but which was spoken of as an element in looking to the probable profits, he might state, as an instance of the value of it, that they had an order for some of it last week at 3*s.* 6*d.* per ton. They accepted the offer; and when he told them that at that rate it would realise to them a profit of some 600 or 700 per cent., he thought they would say that, though their transactions in that way were not large, they would add to the dividend. There was no difficulty in selling the oil. He had at that moment an offer of a contract for 700,000 gallons at 2*s.* 10*d.* per gallon, and the weekly report of the manager, laid before the board on Friday last, stated that he had orders on hand for 25,252 gallons, which he had not been able to execute, the demand having been so great, and the prices were from 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* This referred only to the burning oil, but they also made a quantity of heavy oil suitable for lubricating machinery and other purposes, and for which they could get as much as 5*s.* per gallon. At the present moment they had in stock 38,913 gallons of burning oil, and 19,026 gallons of heavy oil, without reckoning the crude oil, the exact quantity of which they had no means of measuring, because it was in large tanks under ground. As regards the mines, they had a letter from Mr. J. Crawford, the vice-consul at Havana, in which he recommended the erecting of pumps at Prospindad, and stating that he was assured by the mining captain that they could raise twenty-five tons of chauliote (asphaltum) per diem when the mine was dry, and that there could be no difficulty in sending forward all the supplies that were required for the works in London. One reason for increasing the capital of the company was, that they had obtained, at a considerable outlay, from the Government, a monopoly of the manufacture in Cuba and Porto Rico. They would judge of the value of this when he stated that at their works in Cuba they could produce oil at 6*d.* per gallon which they could readily sell at 3*s.* to 4*s.* They had paid £23,000 for the Santa Theresa mine—an outlay which was not contemplated when they fixed the capital. In addition to that they had found it convenient to purchase an estate, to prevent damages being claimed for injury to the surface, but which they had let at a rent giving them a fair interest for the amount expended. Another point was, that they had only learnt from practical experience that the oil improved by keeping, and they were obliged, therefore, to have immense tanks and stores constructed, which involved not only a large outlay for those receptacles, but the keeping a large stock on hand of itself required capital. They had been at work only four months, and the season only commenced about the middle of September. He did not like to raise expectations which might not be fulfilled, but he

thought he might safely say that they could be enabled at any rate at the annual meeting to declare a dividend of five per cent. on the paid-up capital in the four months' working. It was proposed by the resolution to convert the 10*l.* shares into shares of 1*l.* each. The new shares would be offered, in the first instance, to the existing shareholders, and in the event of their not taking up the amount required, they would be offered to the public. In conclusion, he moved the resolution passed at the former meeting to be confirmed.

Alfred Wilson, Esq., seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to, and the meeting then separated.

A dividend of 5*l.* per cent. upon the first four months' working is about to be declared by the Asphaltum Company. The chief manufacture of the company is oil for domestic use and for the lubrication of machinery, the demand for which is so considerable that the directors have just obtained power from the shareholders to raise 50,000*l.* additional capital in 1*l.* shares, in order to increase their production.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

Consols left off last week at 92*l*; to 93. The amount of bullion in the bank last week was 307,403*l.* less than the preceding week, being in all 14,127,873*l.* The news of events abroad, described in their respective places, caused a rise in the funds as the week opened, Consols having got up to 93 to 93*l*, and a corresponding improvement took place in the French funds: more gold left the bank at the commencement of the week, a sum of £20,000 having been withdrawn to send abroad.

The coroner's inquest on the deaths caused by the King's Cross explosion, was adjourned at the beginning of the present week, for a fortnight, the Government inspector not being present. According to two of the engineers, Messrs. Jay and England, the explosion occurred through there not having been enough water in the boiler; according to another, Mr. Amos, there must have been some original default in the boiler itself. We can easily understand that such an accident might occur through combination of these causes.

The latest accounts of the harvest tend to show that the yield has fallen short of the average.

The Road murder occupied prominent attention as the week commenced. Not only at home, but abroad, has the public mind been stirred by this terrible mystery. It is urged, on the one hand, that in such matters the routine course must be rigidly adhered to; on the other, that extreme cases require extreme proceedings. We certainly cannot see why, if the routine course is powerless to unfathom the mystery, and discover the criminal, more efficacious measures of investigation should not be had recourse to. We think that the whole power of the state, ordinary and extraordinary, may well be brought to bear in clearing up such a matter. If the Government have the power to institute a more searching inquiry, they ought at once to exercise it; and if they have not, they ought to be invested with it by Parliament. Let it be remembered, that on the efficacy of our police for bringing criminals to justice, depends the safety of society—the lives and properties of the community. Such a power as we indicate cannot be employed for evil, because it is simply the power to investigate; and whatever inconvenience may attend it, can only weigh like dust in the balance against the good it must produce in the long run. We shall watch this subject narrowly, and return to it in a more prominent article, according to the course events may take.

As the week opened, the quidnuncs whose mental pabulum is Court tit-tat-tat, found abundant matter for gossip and speculation in the announcement that the rumoured alliance of a matrimonial nature between her Royal Highness the Princess Alice of England and his Royal Highness Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt (a little pigmy principality of about a fraction of the importance of some English counties) was premature, but that, at the same time, such an event is not without the confines of possibility. Such a mighty matter as this must not be alluded to in common phraseology.

At Dartmouth, the Conservative candidate, Mr. Hardy, has been returned by a majority of 2, there having been, we hear, 222 votes recorded out of a constituency of 264.

It is reported that a new order of knighthood is to be instituted for the reward of services rendered in India.

As the week opened, the report of Lord St. Leonard's illness was formally contradicted.

Quick upon the heels of the fearful explosion at King's Cross, came tidings of another at sea. The Tonning steamer, on her passage to London, laden with 700 head of cattle and sheep, has been blown up and set fire to by the bursting of the engine. Seven injured men belonging to the vessel were taken to Yarmouth hospital, in a fearful state, some not expected to survive. The bodies of three who were killed had been taken to the workhouse of the same town. Others belonging to the ship were missing when the intelligence reached us.

Last week it was our melancholy duty to record the death of one of England's greatest heroes, the lion-hearted Lord Dundonald, who in bravery was unsurpassed by any warrior ancient or modern, and who in fertility of resources and inexhaustible inventiveness was the equal of Hannibal himself. This week it is our painful duty to announce that the name of Sir Charles Napier has now to be added to the obituary of distinguished men for the year 1860. The lives and exploits of these naval warriors will be found recorded in due course in appropriate places in our columns.—The deaths registered in the week that ended last Saturday were 1049. The average for corresponding weeks in the ten years 1850-9, after correction for increase of population, is found to be 1179. Hence it appears that the number of persons who died last week was less by 130 than the number that would have died if a rate of mortality equal to the average for this season had prevailed.

The prorogation of Parliament took place on Tuesday morning in the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor, who was preceded by the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms with his mace, and who was habited in his full robes of state, entered the house and took his seat immediately in front of the throne, accompanied by the other commissioners. His

lordship then commanded the Usher of the Black Rod to summon her Majesty's Commons to the bar to hear her Majesty's commission for prorogation read. Colonel Clifford, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, proceeded to the House of Commons, and summoned the House to the House of Peers to hear the Royal Commission read, and the House of Commons, represented by Mr. Ley and one or two clerks, proceeded to the House of Lords, when it was announced to the Lord Chancellor that her Majesty's faithful Commons were at the bar. Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre then advanced to the table, and read the Royal Commission, commanding the Royal Commissioners present, in the name of her Majesty, to further prorogue Parliament to Thursday, January 3, 1861. The words "for the dispatch of divers and urgent affairs" being omitted, the meeting of Parliament on that day will again be of a purely formal character. The Royal Commission having been read, the Lord Chancellor, in the name of her Majesty the Queen, declared Parliament prorogued until Thursday, the 3rd of January next. His lordship then declared the House adjourned.

In the Berwick election scandal, the resumption of the inquiry into which was recorded in our last number, Mr. Disraeli has been this week examined, and explains away the charge made against him by Brodie, by stating that having received an application from that person to get justice done to him (Brodie) by the Government, he (Mr. Disraeli) gave him a note to Mr. Rose, a Conservative electioneering agent, requesting the latter to give the man a hearing. It seems that Mr. McGall, the Berwick-on-Tweed man in the moon, has become *now est*, or, as Lord John Russell would say, conspicuous by his absence, having written to say that he has found it expedient to quit the country, as a sojourn in Newgate during the brumal season would not, he considers, be for the good of his health.

Mr. Leatham having applied for a new trial in reference to the Wakefield election, the Court of Queen's Bench has, after taking time to consider its judgment, decided in favour of granting the applicant a *rule nisi*.

Another new trial has been applied for in an election case, Mr. Edwin James having moved for one on behalf of Boyes, convicted of bribery at Beverley. The court took time, as in the preceding case, to consider its judgment, the question raised being whether the uncorroborated evidence of one witness was sufficient to convict of the offence charged.

There are two Liberal constituencies now going a-begging; namely, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, vacated by the acceptance of office by Mr. G. Ridley, and Southwark, now open through the lamented death of Sir Charles Napier.

Mr. Gladstone has been delivering some important utterances at Chester this week (Monday). He approves of the Volunteer movement at home, and the liberal movement in Italy, denouncing in terms of generous indignation that atrocious fact, which we hope is being rapidly abolished, of "the armed force of the alien trampling upon the necks of men," and that "hollow and treacherous peace" kept up by it. He also, introducing "Oriental politics," observes that the late war with Russia, though it had checked the aggressions of that power, had not regenerated Turkey. On the same day, opinions were delivered by Mr. Coningham and Mr. White at Brighton, on subjects of equal importance. Mr. Coningham believed that the Italian movement would spread to Hungary (an opinion we have *unreleas* persistently enforced), and that a rising of the Poles and other enslaved populations would free Europe from the iron despotism by which it is ground down. He condemned the do-nothing character of the last session, denounced the course pursued in retaining the paper duties, approved the new commercial treaty with France, and ridiculed the chimera of surrounding the shores of England with stone fortifications, instead of trusting to an efficient navy. Mr. White denounced the lavish expenditure of the past session; the wretched tampering with the reform question; the scurrilous abuse of the people, by the anti-liberal faction, and the "rowdyism" which characterized that obnoxious party. He was adverse to the fortification scheme, considered the working classes eminently qualified for the enjoyment and exercise of the electoral franchise, and believed that in five years, through the new treaty with France, our trade with that country would only be exceeded by our trade with the United States.

In default of preternatural gooseberries and colossal turnips, liberties have this year been taken with the chrysanthemums in the Temple. Imaginary flowers have been invented before the chrysanthemums were in bud, and paragraphs eulogistic of this floral figment have been "going the round of the papers," until the gardener wrote to the *Times* to contradict them. Now, however, the plants really are in luxuriant bloom.

RICH MILK.—By the use of Thorley's Condiment, Sir John Pringle's cow gave three times the quantity of milk, the quality being richer; so that upwards of three times the quantity of the albuminous matter of her food was manufactured into the casein of the milk, matter which previously went to the dunghill. Another cow, by the use of the same condiment, works up into the milk more than four times the quantity of protein compound. A proportionally larger amount of all the other elements of food, including the condiment itself, is also worked up into milk respectively in both cases, and in a thousand cases besides.

FOREIGN.

The affairs of Italy brightened as last week closed. Capua capitulated, and its garrison, variously estimated at from 8,000 to 11,000 men, had been captured as prisoners of war, according to the first accounts; but according to subsequent intelligence, it had retired to Gaeta, where, however, it was expected to do little beyond overcrowding the place and consuming the provisions. Meanwhile the success of the Sardinian army along the whole line of the Volturno, had the effect of driving the Neapolitan troops, which had attempted to defend it, back upon Gaeta. Numerous prisoners were taken by the Sardinians in these contests. We have alluded in another paragraph to the denial of the statement that Admiral Persano had bombarded the Neapolitan camp, and been warned off by the French Admiral Barbier le Tinan. The news which reached us as the week opened of the success of Victor Emmanuel along the Volturno, stated that Admiral Persano from the sea had materially assisted by keeping up a fire on the enemy. Perhaps before we go to press time will have cleared these discrepant statements.

In either case the result has been satisfactory; either the land forces unaided have gained a signal triumph, or else the French interference, if ever made, has been withdrawn. As the week opened the probability certainly was that French interference had taken place at first. With regard to the voting on annexation, instalments had come in from time to time in favour of union with Sardinia. It deserves to be noticed that at Viterbo the voting was in favour of annexation, despite the presence of the Pope's body-guard of French soldiers. The final result in the kingdom of Naples was, ayes, 1,310,200; nays, 10,012. In our number of the 25th October, we insisted that if a people have the right to manage their own affairs as they please, not as some other State or some particular family may choose to dictate, they have the inclusive right of calling in another people to help them. We are glad to see that in Lord John Russell's despatch to our minister at Turin, dated the 27th October, the same view is taken. Lord John Russell quotes Vattel to the effect that "when a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties." And be it remembered that "an oppressor" is simply the agent (whether a dynasty, an oligarchy, or an individual usurper,) who seeks to prevent a people from disposing of themselves as they choose, who stands in the way of self-government, and that "the liberties" alluded to can mean nothing but the right of a people to be governed how and in what way they choose, and to dispose of themselves as they please. Lord John Russell, therefore, emphatically says in the document before us, "that the Italians themselves are the best judges of their own interests." Various were the views that were expressed as the week opened, in reference to Lord John Russell's Italian despatch of the 27th Oct., one party hailing it with poems of delight as a great State document in favour of liberalism, another "throwing cold water" upon it, as the production of a time-serving trimmer, "ever strong upon the stronger side." The *Times* (though it does not use the simile) evidently thinks that Lord John Russell is one of those "patrons" described by Johnson in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, who stand by, passive spectators of a drowning man, and when he has reached the shore, encumber him with help; while the *Post* seems to think that, for the *Times* to write in this way, is something like Mr. Pot reproaching Mr. Kettle for sableness of hue. But admitting this were so, it does not take the sting out of the *Times*' remarks, merely to show that it is charging its own sin upon others, if those others really have sinned in the same direction. There may be six of one to half a dozen of the other. Let us hope that in his epistolary compositions, that "complete modern letter-writer," Lord J. Russell, will mind his p's and q's better for the future. In our article above referred to, we suggested the precedent of William the 3rd, which Lord John, who has the whole British Constitution at his fingers' ends, has, as we have seen, pressed into the service of the Italians, with no less a person than Vattel for the voucher of its orthodoxy. After the "total rout of the Bourbon army" on the Volturro, there was a hiatus in the Italian news, except an account of the meeting of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, at which the man who has done all, salutes the man who has done next to nothing, as the "King of Italy." Strange that the mere factitious prestige of accidental rank and position should reverse the natural order of things, and place the royalty of genius below mere conventional authority. At mid-week we learned from Turin that the returns received of the voting in Umbria and the Marches give very satisfactory results. Perfect order and enthusiasm prevailed everywhere. From Sessa the latest advices stated that a large body of Bourbon troops remained outside the fortress of Gaeta, and that these troops have sent a proposal to surrender to General Fanti. At Rome large quantities of stores and war material have arrived here for the use of the French army. The enrolment of foreigners for the Papal army has been stopped. Great enthusiasm prevailed in the Marches and Umbria in favour of annexation. Beds for hospitals for the wounded had been sent from Rome to Francis II. Anarchy reigned in the province of Viterbo. From Naples intelligence has subsequently reached us that there was a sort of pause in the proceeding in consequence of the French Admiral le Tinian having sent home for fresh instructions.

Last week closed with conflicting accounts touching the affairs of Italy. It was denied that the Neapolitan camp in the neighbourhood of Gaeta had been bombarded by Admiral Persano, and that the French Admiral, Barbier le Tinian, had compelled him to desist, under pain of bringing the broadsides of the French fleet to bear upon him. There was also a statement made from Rome that the Sardinians, instead of being victors, as the news from Turin affirmed, had been beaten at the Garigliano. We merely mention these conflicting accounts to show what discrepancies of news the telegrams abound with. In the *Official Gazette* of Rome a communication has appeared from General Lamoriciere. According to the General's statement the French Government had promised to employ force to resist any attack of the Sardinians upon the States of the Pope. On the other hand, the French *Constitutionnel* peremptorily has denied this, and asserts that the words "by force" are an interpolated forgery, and that the Duke de Grammont had officially signalized them as such. Here, then, is another conflict of statements which it is worth while to point out.

Prior to going to press with this part of our impression, we received intelligence that a body of 15,000 Neapolitan troops, with 4,000 horses and 32 guns, being pursued by the Sardinians, took refuge in the Papal States at Terracina. At Cisterna their progress was arrested by the Papal and French authorities, and they will be at once disarmed. We also learned from Naples, that King Victor Emmanuel entered the city at half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning. An immense crowd of people assembled, notwithstanding the torrents of rain which were falling; and universal joy was manifested.

We learn from a Vienna source that the new Hungarian diet is to meet at Presburgh. In the German provinces of Austria, dissatisfaction is rife, especially in the centres of intelligence, namely, the towns which are the "seats of learning," and possess universities.

The King of Sweden has delivered his speech on closing the session. The passport question, which might well have occupied a prominent place in it, was conspicuous by its absence; it only rests with the "royal will" to abolish this nuisance.

The promised communication from Austria, alluded to in our last, has appeared. Count Rechberg has addressed a circular note on the Warsaw interview to the representatives of Austria abroad. This note states that the object of the interview was to bind more closely the personal and friendly relations of the three Princes present, and to concert the principles for the regulation of their conduct in view of certain eventualities. Count Rechberg, without entering upon any details as to the nature of the arrangements concluded, announces that a perfect understanding was established. He, however, makes it clearly understood that non-intervention in the affairs of Italy was agreed upon, and that although anxious to support the principles of order and European equilibrium, the three northern Courts will do nothing which might provoke a war.

The relations of France and Switzerland are, at this present writing, in pretty much the same state as when we last wrote. The representative of the former state, de Turgot, is not to return to the latter; but a *charge d'affaires* is left to take charge of affairs in his stead.

In a free state men are emulous of serving their country as members of its legislature, as in England and America; but in Spain it is the exemption from such service, not the service itself that is coveted; at least such is the ostensible inference from the Spanish Congress having exonerated military deputies, who have been rewarded for services in Africa, from being liable to re-election.

The details of the capture of the Taku forts have reached us. The attack of the Allies commenced on the 12th of August, and on that day, and the 14th, desperate fighting took place, which ended in the Tartar army being driven from its positions, and the Allies became masters of the enemies' entrenched camp. On the 17th a bridge was thrown over the Peiho, in spite of a heavy fire from the enemy; and on the 21st the forts were carried by assault, after a desperate resistance on the part of the Tartars. Two hundred and fifty English and two hundred French were either killed or wounded, including an officer. Of the enemy 1,000 were killed, their bodies being found in the first fort taken, a general-in-chief being among the number; the remaining forts surrendered one after another. The same day the whole country as far as Tien-tsin was in possession of the Allies, who also became masters of 600 brass guns of large size and calibre. The allied army then took up its position in *echelon* along the route pursued by the ambassadors, who proceeded to meet the Chinese Commissioners at Tien-tsin in order to open the negotiations. To come a little to particulars: the initiative proceeding was an attack upon the Tartar cavalry by a body of the Punjabees and Marines, which eventuated in the capture of the outer intrenchments of the enemy, together with the towns of Sin-ho and Tang-koo; and these successes were followed up by operations being immediately directed against the northern forts. This attack commenced with a vigorous cannonade, which led to a long and desperate contest, the gun-boats coming in shore as near as was practicable, and bombarding and shelling the place with terrible effect. Under this heavy fire the enemy's largest magazine was blown up with a tremendous explosion, spreading havoc and ruin in all directions. Still the garrison persisted in an obstinate defence, until the storming parties who poured upon the shattered defences of the Chinese, broke into the forts; and even then the foe continued to resist with desperate resolution, until finally routed and driven out pell-mell at the point of the bayonet. The remainder of the north forts, together with the southern forts and the province of Pe-che-li, fell into the possession of the allies on the 21st. Quarter appears neither to have been given nor taken. The formidable nature of the fighting, and the losses of the enemy, may be inferred from the report that scarce a dozen of the Tartar garrison escaped without wounds; and as mentioned above, the dead found in the forts numbered 1,000. There appear to have been what virtually amounted to three battles. The terrific efficiency of the Armstrong gun has given tremendous illustration in these conflicts. Earthworks and solid masonry were ploughed up and riven in a manner altogether unprecedented; whole batches of gunners were literally crushed and smashed to atoms; the shells, each of which explodes into fifty distinct fragments, mark their track by a distinctly defined line of havoc, clearing all before them. In our article on Oriental Politics, in our number of the 20th, we counselled that now we were in for it, the war should, in mercy to both sides, be brought to as speedy a termination as possible; and that the peace to be made on as easy terms as possible should not be lightly broken. The war is now concluded by one victory. We hope the peace will be made in accordance with our suggestions; and that a just and moderate but firm course towards the Chinese will render it permanent. A private telegram received in advance of the forthcoming Overland Mail, conveys the intelligence that when Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, the English and French Plenipotentiaries, should have met the Chinese Commissioners appointed to negotiate for peace, the latter did not make their appearance. The allies had, therefore, determined on re-commencing hostilities.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Four entire operas, three of them original English compositions, and the other an English version of an entire foreign work, besides portions of another foreign work in an English dress, have to be recorded as the performances of the present week, namely, *Lurline*, *The Rose of Castile*, and *The Night Dancers*; *The Crown Diamonds*, entire, and portions of *Trovatore*. These performances bring into requisition, and afford ample scope for the display of the varied talents of the brilliant "Pyne and Harrison company," augmented by all its new and talented accessions, including, in addition to the gifted artistes from whose names its designation is derived, the Misses Thirlwall, Huddart, and Lefler, and Madame Palmieri; and Misses Henry Haigh, G. Kelly, P. Distin, Corri, Wallworth, Alberto Lawrence, Lyal, A. St. Albyn, Horncastle, H. Wharton, and C. Durand. The production of *The Night Dancers*, Loder's favourite opera, being fixed for Saturday, we can only notice the fact in the present number, postponing details till our next. A new "ballet of action" has also been included in the performances of Saturday, entitled, *The Ambuscade*, in which Miss Clara Morgan, Madame Pierron, M. Vandrin, the Misses Payne, &c., appear, supported by the whole strength of the *corps de ballet*. We understand that Mr. Balfe's new opera is in rehearsal, and will be shortly produced.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The continued success of the favourite operas, the production of which at this theatre has been noticed from time to time in our columns, is such as to have relieved us this week from the work of recording any hebdomadal novelty.

BIJOU THEATRE, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This least of theatres inside our largest, reminds one of the innermost of those boxes within boxes which children delight to open, and which they call "seven in one." Here is a little Liliputian theatre nestling in a corner of one of the most gigantic histrionic edifices in the world. It is abundantly comfortable, cosy, snug, and elegant, however; and forming as it does a sort of department in the old national Italian Opera House, is appropriately devoted to the performance of the favourite pieces of the lighter portion of the foreign drama. M. Talyer who, it will be remembered, engaged the St. James's Theatre for the representation of French Plays at the commencement of last season, has now taken the Bijou, which he opened this week with MM. Emilie Augier and Jules Sandeau's four act comedy *Le Gendre de M. Poiriere*, and M. Alexander Dumas's piece, *Le Mari de la Veuve*. The leading performers who appeared were Madame Armand, of the Odeon, and M. Chaumont, of the Vaudeville.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—The performances of the week at this house were varied on Thursday evening by a miscellaneous concert (the lateness of the week precluding detailed notice). The names of Mlle. Vaneri (who sustains the parts allotted to her in "Don Giovanni" and the "Huguenots" with such spirit and effect, both histrionic and vocal, and who is equally at home in the concert-room and on the lyric stage), Mlle. Parepa; Messrs. George Perren, Rosenthal, Hermanns, and Swift, being in the programme, the last item in which was a ballet divertissement, rendered attractive by the name of Mlle. Morlachi being down as the leading *dansesuse*. Between the music and the salutation was "interpolated" the new piece (noticed in detail in our last) "You're Another." The performances opened with "The Bachelor's Wife."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—We have had *Box and Cox* at this house during the week, with the imitable drolleries of Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Compton. Miss Amy Sedgwick has appeared in three of her famous characterisations, namely, in *The Stranger, Does He Love Me?* and *The Lady of Lyons*. The new comedy of *The Babes in the Wood* being fixed for Saturday, detailed notice is necessarily deferred until our next number.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. J. L. Toole has appeared this week (as announced in our last), in some of his "convulsing" portrayals of the comic and humorous phases of the life of that "paragon of animals" (to use the language of "our immortal bard") who has been variously defined as if in reference to the effects produced by Mr. Toole's delineations, as "a laughing animal," and apparently in reference to the subjects themselves of those delineations, "the only animal who has the glorious privilege of making himself absurd." *Dinorah under Difficulties* enjoys the greatest facilities of representation at the hands of Mr. Toole and his able coadjutor Mr. Paul Bedford. *Il parle Français* came next, in which the special aptitudes of Mr. Toole, and that excellent artiste Mr. Charles Selby, are developed to the greatest advantage. *As you like it*, the *Colleen Bawn* (which, by the by, is pronounced "Colleen Bawn") still holds her own, and draws as much as ever.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The pieces we have already noticed have been in successful performance during the week at this house. On Monday next Mr. W. Gordon's comedietta, entitled, *Home for a Holiday*, will be produced, in which Miss Louisa Keeley, Mr. H. Wigan, Mr. F. Robinson, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. H. Cooper will appear. Mr. Robson, in *Boots at the Swan*, is greater than ever.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Last Saturday terminated Miss Josephine Gougenheim's engagement at this theatre, and was devoted to her benefit. Her short but brilliant career at this house has established her reputation as a first rate actress of genteel comedy; her success in *The School for Scandal*, *The Jealous Wife*, *The Irish Heiress*, *The Love Chase*, &c., having been unequivocal and decisive. It never rains but it pours, says the saying, and at this house it pours novelties. This week *The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish* has been revived; a piece which Madame Celeste's admirable delineation of Naramattah alone is sufficient to render in the highest degree popular and successful. In addition to this, Mr. Stirling Coyne's *Pets of the Parterre* (music by Mr. Loder) has been produced, in which Miss Lydia Thompson, the fascinating *dansesuse*, appears to good advantage, the piece being of the terpsichorean character. The Countess of Staineville (Miss M. Ternan) having committed the sin of selling herself in matrimony to a decrepit old gentleman of rheumatic, gouty or rheumatic-gouty tendencies at the wicked behest of her father, unmindful of the misery and temptation, not to say the absolute prostitution, to which he was consigning his daughter, out of the most selfish and mercenary motives, finds herself suddenly snatched out of this abyss by the timely death of the inconsiderate and selfish old fool, who, with one foot in the grave, and in the other foot the rheumatic gout, could bring himself to perpetrate the baseness of marrying a young girl just out of her teens. All this would be bad enough under ordinary circumstances, but is heightened by the fact, that the Countess was in love with, and was beloved by, one Leon D'Orville (Mr. Neville), and the consequences are that this young man becomes all but a maniac through distress of mind. The form his lunacy takes, however, is a very picturesque one; he fancies himself in a world full of talking and walking, and, as it would appear, dancing flowers. The Countess, after becoming a widow, retires to her country seat, where she devotes herself, by a singular coincidence, entirely to the cultivation of flowers. By another convenient coincidence, Leon D'Orville and his Leporello, Pompeone (Mr. Rouse) arrive at the chateau of the Countess, where the lackey renews an *amourette* with Fanchette (Miss Lydia Thompson) an extremely ingenuous and graceful abigail. After the fashion of the old French comedy, in which the serving people manifest the most wonderful inventiveness, and bring about all sorts of impossibilities, the *grisette* and the *valet* contrive a nocturnal *fête*, in the shape of a sort of *bal masqué*, where the guests personate various flowers, the inventress herself assuming the character of Zephyr. Leon, who is present, suddenly becomes restored to his right senses on finding that the Countess, (who, by the way, represents *Heartsease*), is no other than his early love, Miss Albertine, whom he had mourned as dead, in his father's

halls, and so there is a duplicate match between master and man, on the one hand, and mistress and maid on the other. The dialogue of the piece is pointed, sparkling, and terse, and the dances excellent, the ensemble admirable, the piece well acted and danced throughout, and the success decided. We have already in repeated notices awarded the praise it deserves to Miss Lydia Thompson's exquisite salutation. Next week, a new play will be produced, entitled *Adrienne, or the Secret of a Life*, in which Madame Celeste will sustain the principal character.

STRAND THEATRE.—The *Post Boy*, noticed in our last, has been played this week with unbounded success, Mr. J. Rogers' personation of Spurritt being one of the most graphic and original eccentric portraiture seen on the modern stage, and having all the attractions of complete novelty. *Kensilworth*, revived with triumphant success, and *Matrimonial Prospectives*, are announced for performance during next week.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.—Mr. and Mrs. Kean have been performing at Brighton this week, at the Theatre Royal, of which Mr. H. Nye Chart is the enterprising lessee. *Louis XI.* was produced on Monday, a character which the wonderful delineation of Mr. Charles Kean has rendered so justly celebrated. Mr. Kean has also appeared in some of his most famous parts. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have been ably supported by the Misses Chapman and N. Chapman, and Messrs. Cathcart and Everett. Previously to their appearance at Brighton they had visited Portsmouth and Plymouth, where their advent was remarked with the most signal success. In Brighton, although the prices of admission were doubled, the house was filled to overflowing with densely crowded audiences. Thus they will enter upon their engagement at Drury Lane with, if possible, augmented prestige, and fresh laurels on their brows.

THE BUCKLEY SERENADES.—The popularity of the Buckleys is undiminished, and this is specially deserving of note, as showing how attractive is their initiative programme, in addition to which they have a whole budget of novelties in store, to be produced as occasion requires.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY AND THE FRENCH ORPHEONISTES.—We believe that preparations are thus early being made for a second visit of the Orpheonistes to London, in the course of next year. On the proposed occasion there will be, we understand, a sort of fraternization between the Orpheonistes and our English Choral Societies, who, by their picked representations will join our visitors in a grand festival. We hope that the great English National Choral Association, initiated by Mr. G. W. Martin, will, under that talented gentleman's efficient training and organization, be in a state sufficiently advanced to make a prominent figure on the occasion. There is, it seems, to be a military fraternization in France, at which our Volunteers are to take part, (in which, by the way we should like to see the musical element provided for in Mr. G. W. Martin's Volunteer Choral Society for the singing of choral marches by Volunteers when on the march); let us, therefore, by all means, have a purely peaceful and entirely musical fraternization too.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday concerts have commenced here with brilliant *éclat*, the vocal and instrumental arrangements being of the most efficient and satisfactory character.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The premises of this institution have, we understand, been materially altered and improved, and rendered thoroughly secure for the use of the public, as well as re-decorated, and supplied with works of art, models of machinery, specimens of manufactures of the latest character, and new apparatus. The institution will be re-opened to the public on Monday next. An educational department has been formed, with suitable class-rooms, for the study of art, science, and literature, for both male and female pupils.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The third season of this admirable series of concerts will be resumed on Monday, at St. James's-hall. Some of the great instrumental and vocal artistes whose names have become associated with these concerts, will appear on the occasion, conspicuous among whom are Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Charles Hallé (of Her Majesty's Theatre), Herr Becker, Miss Poole, Signor Piatti, &c. The programme will contain a highly attractive selection from Weber, Dussek, and Spohr.

THE NEW FRENCH TARIFF.—It has puzzled some people to find out how the French attained so good a knowledge of the names of the multitudinous articles specified at such length in their tariff. We ourselves believe that for this purpose they have for some time had agents inspecting the stocks of the leading manufacturers in this country. Where, for example, could better information have been obtained than from an examination of the varied and extensive assortment of cutlery and electro-silver plate, which is to be found at Messrs. Mappin Brothers' only London Establishment, King William-street, London-bridge (Cutlers to the Emperor, &c.); where almost every article in cutlery and electro-plate may be met with, at prices so moderate that our Continental neighbours must indeed have been astonished.

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